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Sum Assured.	Time Assured.	Sum added to Policy.
£1000	6 Years 10 Months	£136 13 4
4 1000	4 Years	50 0 0
1000	3 0 0	0 0 0
1000	1 Year	20 0 0

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Age.	Annual Prem.	Age.	Annual Prem.	Age.	Annual Prem.
20	1 14 2	35	2 11 0	50	4 3 3
25	1 18 11	40	2 10 6	55	5 5 4
30	2 4 8	45	3 1 0	60	6 15 3

The object of this Society is to afford to the Assured all the benefits of Life Assurance, at a great reduction in the rates of Premium. For Example: A person aged 30, may with this Society assure his life for 500l. by the annual payment of 11l. 3s. 4d., which in a Society where the Bonus is held out as a main inducement, would cost him 13l. 7s. 6d. or other words, for the same annual premium he could at this Office assure very nearly 600l. whereby he derives AN IMMEDIATE AND CERTAIN BONUS OF 100l.

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Annual Premium to Assure £100.

Age.	For Five Years.	For Seven Years.	Term of Life.
20	9 9	12 0	21 10
30	1 10	1 10	3 4 7
40	1 7	1 7	3 4 7
50	1 15	1 15	3 4 7
60	3 10 5	3 15 5	6 0 10

In Assurances for advances of money, as security for debts, or as a provision for a family, when the least present outlay is required, the varied and comprehensive Tables of the Argus Office will be found to be particularly favourable to the assured.

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A Liberal Commission to Solicitors and Agents.

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Age.	Single Premium.	Age.	Annual Premium.
15	£2 17 9	15	£2 10 4
20	0 17 3	20	1 14 2
25	0 18 9	25	1 18 6
30	1 1 3	30	2 2 7
35	1 3 3	35	2 10 0
40	1 6 10	40	2 17 11
45	1 10 6	45	3 8 0
50	1 15 1	50	4 1 7
55	2 4 9	55	5 0 0
60	3 1 8	60	6 4 4

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LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1842.

REVIEWS

Tour in the Manufacturing Districts of Lancashire. By W. Cooke Taylor, L.L.D. Duncan & Malcolm.

THIS series of letters is addressed to his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin; and the appropriateness of the dedication is cognizable in the peculiar opinions, original thinking, argumentative dexterity, and frequent indulgence in humorous sallies, in all which the writer shows that he has studied in Dr. Whately's school.

A portion of the volume has already appeared in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*, a circumstance which would usually have compelled us to dismiss the republication with the shortest possible notice. If, in the present instance, we adopt an opposite course, it is less on account of the distress and excitement among the manufacturing population, which, however urgent, is yet but an accident in the factory system, an episode in its history,—than for a desire to place before our readers Dr. Taylor's views on the system itself, which appear to us in more than one instance original and luminous.

To these general considerations we propose principally to confine ourselves; touching as lightly as possible on the momentous circumstances of the manufacturing interest; not as refusing to bear our testimony on a subject of such vital importance to the public at large, but because our feelings are too strongly excited to admit of their accommodation to the habitual, cool, and temperate tone of the *Athenæum*. Our experience, which is not of yesterday, knows of no occasion which has arisen in English affairs, creating so great a necessity for "calling a spade a spade," and on which the cause of truth could so ill afford to be compromised by etiquettes and literary amenities. We prefer, then, leaving this part of our subject to journals of a direct political character, and passing it over in silence, to treating it in such holiday and lady-like terms as must disguise our own deep feelings.

It is a singular circumstance that at this day, the factory system and its influence on society should be so little known in England; and that it should be possible for persons to advance the most contradictory opinions on the working of that system, and the morals and conduct of the people employed under it. Grafted as it now is in our political and social existence, its real character is yet to be learned by the people at large; and the moment has been judiciously chosen by Dr. Taylor for bringing the subject before the public. He accordingly has made an extensive tour of the manufacturing district of Lancashire; and the result of his examination, in many points contradictory to received popular opinions, is well deserving of attentive consideration. At the very outset of his volume, Dr. Taylor brings into prominent notice a new view of the factory system:—

"The Factory system is a modern creation; history throws no light on its nature, for it has scarcely begun to recognise its existence; the philosophy of the schools supplies very imperfect help for estimating its results, because an innovating power of such immense force, could never have been anticipated. The steam-engine had no precedent, the spinning-jenny is without ancestry, the mule and the powerloom entered on no prepared heritage: they sprang into sudden existence like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, passing so rapidly through their stage of infancy that they had taken their position in the world and firmly established themselves before there was time to prepare a place for their reception. These potent novelties also made their appearance in a land already crowded with institutions: the force and rapidity with which they developed themselves dislocated all the existing machinery of society, disturbed

its very framework, and must necessarily produce, as they have produced, a considerable amount of confusion and suffering until the difficult task of re-adjustment is completed. A giant forcing his way into a densely-wedged crowd extends pain and disturbance to its remotest extremity: the individuals he pushes aside push others in their turn, though none know the cause of pressure save those with whom the intruder is immediately in contact; and thus also the Factory system causes its presence to be felt in districts where no manufactures are established: all classes are pressed to make room for the stranger, and all are interested in knowing something of what is thus forced upon their acquaintance."

We have more than once referred to this circumstance as the prevailing cause of the principal difficulties surrounding the question. It was the misfortune of the factory system that it took its sudden start at a moment when the entire energies of the British legislature were preoccupied with the emergencies of the French revolution. The foundations on which it reposes were laid in obscurity, and its early combinations developed without attracting the notice of statesmen or philosophers; and the concomitant development of national wealth having been unfortunately made subservient to the wasteful necessities of war, and its results consumed, the natural connexions of the labour market were disturbed in a way that added very materially to the difficulties of a new and untried phase of social life. There thus crept into unnoticed existence a closely condensed population, under modifying influences the least understood, for whose education, religious wants, legislative and municipal protection, no care was taken, and for whose physical necessities the more forethought was requisite, from the very rapidity with which men were attracted to these new centres. To such causes may be referred the incivization and immorality of the overcrowded manufacturing towns, and some part of the still more fearful miseries of fluctuating markets and unsteady prices. Whatever may be thought of the oppressive weight of the interest to be paid to the national creditor, commerce has suffered far more severely by the want of the capital it represents, and which was utterly destroyed in "just and necessary" warfare. From this consideration, something more than a *prima facie* suspicion arises, that the imputed evils of a manufacture are foreign to it, as a cause—that they are an episode (a dismal episode) in its history, and (to use a trivial expression) much more its misfortune than its fault. But, be machinery and its concomitants a good, an evil, or, like most other things pertaining to humanity, a mingled web of good and ill together, its existence is a matter of fact, it is an institution rooted in our civilization, a step made in a path, that admits of no retrogradation. This Dr. Taylor insists upon as a preliminary to all argument, an essential ingredient in all just reasoning on the subject. It is not merely, what the author has called it, "*un fait accompli*," it is a fact that carries with it an indefinite series of consequences, which cannot be resisted; which by wisdom, forecast, and honesty, may be directed to national greatness and the increase of human happiness, even to the furthestmost ends of the world; but which, if neglected or disregarded, will become pregnant with the deepest calamity.

"It would be absurd to speak of Factories as mere abstractions, and consider them apart from the manufacturing population:—that population is a stern reality, and cannot be neglected with impunity. As a stranger passes through the mazes of human beings which have been accumulated round the mills and print-works in this and the neighbouring towns, he cannot contemplate these 'crowded hives' without feelings of anxiety and apprehension almost amounting to dismay. The population, like the system to

which it belongs, is new; but it is hourly increasing in breadth and strength. It is an aggregate of masses, our conceptions of which clothe themselves in terms that express something portentous and fearful. We speak not of them indeed as of sudden convulsions, tempestuous seas, or furious hurricanes, but as of the slow rising and gradual swelling of an ocean which must, at some future and no distant time, bear all the elements of society aloft upon its bosom, and float them—Heaven knows whither."

This passage—at the moment we are writing so painfully illustrated—is in itself a sufficient demonstration of the folly put forth about arresting the march of manufacture, and returning the people to agricultural occupations. But who was ever the dupe of such propositions? Not those who put them forth,—not any one, gentle or simple, whose reason was not perverted by the corrupted logic of ill-understood self-interests. Still the proposition has been pressed on public attention with confidence, and the implied possibility, having been suffered to creep unperceived into argument, has operated powerfully to lead to the falsest conclusions.

Having demonstrated the impossibility of recurring to the ancient order of things, or even of checking the onward march of the present, it may seem superfluous to attack the other assumption, that such a return would be desirable. But Dr. Taylor is of opinion, that the Factory System, thus attacked, is not *malum in se*,—that manufacture, properly directed, is an essential element of civilization, a direct cause of increased intellectual power, increased virtue, and of human happiness. That manufacture is by the labourer himself regarded with preference, is asserted over and over again by Dr. Taylor, who brings it forward among the causes of its indestructible durability:—

"It may be matter of question whether the circumstances surrounding the manufacturing labourer are better or worse than those belonging to the agricultural condition, but there can be no doubt that the former are preferred by the operative. In the present severe pressure of commercial distress there are scores, and probably hundreds, of workmen, whom the authorities would gladly send back to their parishes if they could bring them legally under the designation of paupers, but these men submit to the pressure of hunger, and all its attendant sufferings, with an iron endurance which nothing can bend, rather than be carried back to an agricultural district. However severe the condition of the manufacturing operative may be, there is a something behind which he dreads more: he clings to his new state with desperate fidelity, and faces famine rather than return to the farm. The Factory system is, therefore, preferred to the more usual conditions of labour by the population which it employs, and this at once ensures its permanence as a formative element of society, and at the same time renders its influence directly efficacious on character."

The fact here mentioned is decisive only as to the relative condition of the two classes of labourers; but that populations do grow up with appalling rapidity around every machine for abridging human labour, proves not merely that the life of a mechanic labourer is, under existing circumstances, on the whole preferable to that of an agricultural one, but it confutes the opinion that machinery permanently displaces men. This is more fully set forth by the author in a history of the ancient Chase of Rossendale, to which we shall only briefly advert, as the reader can refer for further information to our report of Mr. Ashworth's paper read at the meeting of the British Association (see *ante*, p. 667). That district contains an area of twenty-four square miles: in the early part of the sixteenth century its inhabitants were eighty souls;—at that time it was disforested, and the land let for a term of years. In James the First's time, the rental amounted to 122*l.* 13*s.* 8*d.* Upon the introduction of the woollen manufacture into the north, the Rossen-

dale people entered with avidity on this branch of industry; and forty-five years ago, the cotton manufacture was introduced, and took root. What has been the consequence of this successive introduction of machinery,—of the plough, the shuttle, and the jenny? The 80 souls are now increased to upwards of 81,000, and the annual rental of the forest, by the last county assessment, amounts to more than 50,000*l.*—41,000 *per cent. on the value in the reign of James I.* This history of Rossendale, brief as it is, contains the pith and substance of the history of the entire country,—a miniature image of the contest between the chase-loving Norman and the commercial Saxon, carried on for centuries under multiplied varieties of form, but constant in its objects, its progress, and its results.

The application of such facts as these to the dispute between corn and manufacture must be left to individual sense and industry. We have not space for reasoning on the subject, though, to us, it seems quite conclusive as to the closeness in which the interests of agriculture are bound with those of manufacture. Dr. Taylor's volume abounds in illustration of this point, but we can find room only for one local instance:—

"But manufacturing industry has not only raised the prosperity of all the places in which it was developed,—it has extended its benefits to the surrounding neighbourhood. The cultivated lands through which we passed were originally waste moor and moss: such they must ever have remained had not the accumulation of population around the factories opened an immediate market for farming produce, which gave the strongest impulse to farming industry. The former wastes have been cultivated to the very tops of their hills and the very margin of their streams; the soil has literally been ploughed by the spindle and sown by the shuttle and the loom. It is to manufactures that this district is indebted for the moor blooming as the garden, and the desert blossoming as the rose. A curious instance of the rapid increase of the value of farms was related by my companion. He showed me a piece of ground which a farmer had formerly rented at twenty pounds a-year, but he was unable to work it with profit, on account of the distance of the market to which he had to send his produce, and he sank deeply in debt. That same farmer subsequently rented that same ground at seventy pounds a-year, and out of its profits at the higher rent paid the entire debt which he had incurred at the lower rent."

But if machinery has a direct tendency to enlarge rather than limit the labour market, whence comes it that large manufacturing towns are so defaced with pauperism, and its concomitant, immorality? That they are so, without any relation to the existing depression of trade, cannot be denied. On this point Dr. Taylor's views are startling and unlooked for:—

"Experience has shown me that Manchester does not afford a fair specimen of the factory population in any of the conditions of its existence, and that the outward aspect of the place affords a very imperfect test of the state of trade in South Lancashire. It must, in the first place, be observed that there is always, and must necessarily be, considerable distress in a place where there is a large demand for untrained labour. Though the factories require skilled labour, yet there are many occupations connected with the commerce of cotton which only demand the exertion of brute strength; such, for instance, are portage, lighterage, coal-heaving, &c. This demand for untrained labour is not so great as in Liverpool, nor could Manchester exhibit anything so low in the social scale as the dock-population of that port; still the demand exists to a considerable extent, and is mainly, if not entirely, supplied by immigrants from Ireland, Wales, Scotland, and the English agricultural counties. In consequence of the rapidity of the growth of manufactures in Manchester, the increase of population very rapidly outstripped the means of accommodation: even the factory operatives are badly lodged, and the dwellings of the class below them are the most wretched that can be conceived."

* * It is a very common error to attribute to the

factories the evils which really arise from an immigrating and non-factory population, which also have been recently increased by the great demand for unskilled labour produced by the works and excavations required for the new railways which are radiating on every side from Manchester. * * Peasants inadequate to the fatigues of rural toil frequently come into the towns with the hope of finding some light employment suited to their feeble strength, and persons whose character is blighted in the country seek to escape notice in the crowd of the town. Having conversed with many of these persons, and also made inquiries from the guardians of the poor and the administrators of public charities, I am persuaded that Manchester must long continue to present an appearance of great destitution and delinquency which does not belong to the town itself, but arises from a class of immigrants and passengers."

This opinion, or statement, is backed by that of the Rev. Mr. Parkinson, the author of a paper on the Statistical Antiquities of Manchester, who applies his observations to the common and popular fallacy "that there is something in the character of manufactures unnatural and opposed to the will of God;" and it is consolatory to find a clergyman raising his voice against such absurdities, and maintaining that, "instead of a merely agricultural population, the people of this country were meant to be one of a very different character." But we will go further, and boldly assert that manufacture and commerce are universal agents, both for the development of civilization (in the true sense of the word) at home, and for its extension to the remotest regions of the earth; and further still, that if the diffusion of Christianity is to be referred in any degree to secondary causes, it is to manufacture and commerce the world is principally indebted for that diffusion. Adopting the authority and the words of that gentleman, Dr. Taylor quotes the following strong assertion:—

"Being in a position where I can have no motive for a partial judgment, I maintain that, if we can strike an average of all classes of our population and the population of other districts, we shall find that the morality of this district will not be below that of the most primitive agricultural population. I have the authority of a high military officer, and also that of other persons, for saying that the streets of Manchester, [and it is the same at Birmingham.] at ten o'clock at night, are as retired as those of the most rural districts. When we look at the extent of this parish, containing at least 300,000 souls,—more than the population of the half of our counties,—can we be surprised that there is a great amount of immorality? But a great proportion of that immorality is committed by those who have been already nursed in crime in districts of the country supposed to be more innocent than our own, and are, apparently, added to the number of those who swell our police reports, not so much because we hold out greater facilities in rearing them, as that they are apprehended through the superior vigilance of our police. I think it desirable that I should state this, as being an impartial observer, and one coming from a distant part of the country."

A somewhat similar difference in condition and moral feeling exists between the machinery labourers and the hand-loom weavers and block printers, whose political discontents are of a far more irascible character, and less reasoned than those of the factory operative. Touching the poverty of the hand-loom weavers, Dr. Taylor states himself to have much modified his former opinions. In reference to a conversation held with a Mr. Eccroyd, "a gentleman of high character for probity, intelligence, and benevolent feeling," Dr. Taylor observes:—

"He led me, however, to doubt the correctness of the opinion which I had formed, that the distress of the hand-loom weavers was mainly attributable to their entering into competition with the power-loom. The facts which shook my belief were, that the number of hand-loom weavers is now greater than ever it was, and that power has not yet been applied to the manufacture of a great variety of fabrics on which

the hand-loom weavers are employed. * * My attention was directed to two circumstances, which had not previously entered so largely into my calculations as I am now convinced that they ought to have done: first, the competition of the foreign hand-loom weaver, over whom the English operative in this branch of industry possesses none of the advantages arising from the employment of machinery and power, which are the great source of our superiority in other trades. Furthermore, weaving is a trade easily learned, and it can be carried on by persons who are too weak and feeble to work at other employments. * * Now, the rate of wages in any given occupation will be measured by the feeblest and not by the strongest of the workmen engaged in it. * * I expressed my surprise that, under these circumstances, the hand-loom weavers did not betake themselves to other occupations. Mr. Eccroyd showed that this was out of their power, because under present circumstances there are not labour and wages so abundant in any one occupation in the country to absorb and supply a new horde of immigrants. He instanced the manufacture of *mousselines-de-laîne*, the introduction of which he regarded as a national calamity, because it at first promised so well that it attracted hordes of weavers, who obtained very good payment for two or three years, but, in consequence of their competition with the foreigner and with each other, were now reduced to accept a rate of wages which was very barely sufficient to keep body and soul together."

This distinction is indeed most luminous, and disposes of a world of popular nonsense; and we shall leave it, for the present, to the consideration of our readers.

Norway and her Laplanders in 1841: with a few Hints to the Salmon Fisher. By John Milford. Murray.

THE Rhine, the Rhone, Switzerland and the Tyrol, are now as familiar to us as the Twickenham river and Box Hill; and Rome and Regent Street are about equally well known to most persons. The Pyrenees and the French provinces have been also laid open to the invaders, while lords have acquired the habit of sailing up the Golden Horn to grumble at Constantinopolitan discomfort and Mussulman barbarism, and "delicate ladies," who have figured at Almack's in July, may be found towards autumn scaling the Pyramids, and talking May-Fair in the silent cities of Cheops and Sesostria. Spain, fortunately, remains to be "tapped" (to adopt a Walpole-ism), but a quarter of a century must elapse ere its riches can become the general prey;—in the meantime, for those who love unsophisticated nature and man, there is the North, not wholly unvisited indeed, but not quite hackneyed. The falls of Tröllhatta are, by a few bucket-fuls of cataract, more strange to us than the waters of Schaffhausen or Terni; we never read but one account of Vettie's Giel (published many years ago in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine*), and though kirchenwasser is as common as whiskey, nay, even the luscious cordials and liqueurs of the Haram are to be seen on the tables of some curious Amphytrions, we never heard of traveller, or traveller's host, who has signalized his cellar by producing, with the botargoes and caviars of his final course, a single thimbleful of the Norseman's heart-warmer—the strong and fiery *fenkel*. For all these reasons 'Norway and her Laplanders' is a title which invites, and Mr. Milford, we rejoice to say, is a conscientious man, and keeps the promise of his invitation.

A voyage of sixty-two hours (ten more than the average) transferred Mr. Milford and his son from Hull to Christiansand. The latter town is dull, not to say desolate. But salmon-fishing may be had at Vigeland, ten miles off, and the tourist may proceed from Christiansand to Christiania, in a beautifully clean steamer, with a French *cuisine*, and a French cellar, and a cap-

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tain who speaks that universal language: a proof, by the way, that Norway is not so unknown to the wandering tribe, as those who love primitive manners and low prices would fain desire. On the voyage, Arendal will be found a pretty halting-place, a prosperous town, with well-dressed females to be seen at every window, and a theatre. In the harbour of Oster Risoer, where the *Constitution* anchored for the night, Mr. Milford observed several small children in their canoes, training for that sea life, a predilection for which the modern Norwegians have inherited from their ancestors, the grim old Bersekers and Vikings. At Kragerve, our tourist noticed a gentleman drink "a bottle of porter and a glass of brandy by way of finish" to his breakfast: one of the old Jarls, just spoken of, could have done no more! Further on, Mr. Milford encountered an English falconer on an expedition to Jerkin, on the Dovre fiell:—

"He told me he should remain at the last-mentioned spot for a month, and expected to catch about half a dozen of these birds. He was taking some live pigeons with him for this purpose, all the way from Amsterdam to the highest mountain pass in Norway. His method is to build a shed in a wild situation, in which he may conceal himself, and then to confine a pigeon to the ground close to an expanded net; the hawk is attracted to the spot, and easily captured. This person had been for twenty years falconer to Lord Bernard, and had lived in Suffolk, but was now employed by a hawking society in Holland. I saw the list of the members. They meet during the months of April, May, June, and part of July of every year. Amongst the names were those of many both of the Dutch and English nobility."

Christiania, when reached, though the most modern of the four capitals of Norway, is but a gloomy, thinly-peopled town, and we are glad to leave it for Tronjeim (a name, by-the-way, spelt by every new traveller after a new fashion). The mode of journeying in *carriole*, a little rough carriage of the country, which holds only one person, is good enough in fine weather. The distance is 350 English miles, with but one town between the two capitals, that one Lillehammer. The post-houses are the resting-places for the night. They generally (says Mr. Milford)—

"Stand quite alone, and both in external appearance and in internal accommodation, are about on a par with the posadas I had been accustomed to in Spain and Portugal. You generally find one large comfortable room, the whole furniture of which consists of a table, a few chairs, and a couple of beds, and in this you both eat and sleep, if not prevented from enjoying "tired nature's calm restorer" by fleas, musquitoes, bugs, et hoc genus omne of annoyances, with the addition of an infinity of villainous smells, arising from the dirty habits of the people, and but partially counteracted by the strong odour of the tops of the spruce and juniper, which are spread over the floor of every cottage in Norway, for the purpose of keeping it clean."

The tourist, even at Midsummer, is exposed to trying changes of temperature, a part of his route lying over very high land:—

"The day had been fine, and the heat of the sun very fervent, but as we passed the foot of Sne-hatten, covered with the snow of ages, the climate of summer had suddenly changed to that of winter, and before our arrival at Jerkin I was glad to get out of my *carriole* and run up the hills, to increase the circulation. The effect of the setting sun, combined with the wildness of the scenery, was beautiful in the extreme. Several Englishmen have occasionally taken up their residence here for some time. The inn is tolerably good, but the charges are considered dear. Abundance of ptarmigan are found in the neighbouring mountains, and trout in the river. Comparatively speaking, the mountains appear insignificant to the traveller whose eye has rested on the sublime Alps. * * At the inns at Jerkin and Konsvold I remarked a handsomely embossed tankard of silver, in which was some beer for each traveller to taste en passant. The furniture of these houses, and

of most of the others where we changed horses, although of the rough order, was in good taste, the wardrobes, chests, kitchen clocks, and chairs being carved, and very much resembling in shape those used in England 200 years ago. There were numerous inscriptions on the walls. * * The lower classes are dirty in their persons, but by no means an ill-favoured race; and amongst the young girls I remarked many a pretty face, but some of the old women were absolutely hideous, and might have personated the witches in Macbeth without any stage embellishments. When we arrived late at the post-house at Jerkin I saw several of these antiques get out of their wooden pallets and shake themselves. Whilst they were preparing our coffee they put on their stockings, if they had any, for many are constantly barefooted. The effluvia in the kitchen arising from their cheese (still stronger than chapskier), their butter, and other causes, I found occasionally almost overpowering, when the doors were closed."

Tronjeim is minutely described, in a pleasant and unpretending style, but we pass at once to Ekker, where Mr. Milford pitched his tent for some time, taking up his abode in a farm house, after the comfortable fashion described as follows:—

"Our household at Ekker consists of a man and his wife, their two sons and three daughters, and a servant; they all alike take their share of the domestic duties. The daughters, two of whom were full-grown women, wore their hair in long plaited tails, reaching halfway down their backs; they were clean and neat in their appearance, and all the individuals of the family were respectful, civil, and obliging. We lived, like Robinson Crusoe, on the produce of our guns and fishing rods; salmon was our daily food, for breakfast as well as dinner and supper. Some of our countrymen, however, who were staying at a farm-house ten miles distant, killed a sheep on one occasion, and sent us part of it. We also shot some grouse and ptarmigan. Our ship biscuit, of which I had furnished myself with a large bag full at Hull, was invaluable to us at all our meals; indeed we should have fared but ill without it, as both the rusk, and the rye, barley, and oat bread of the country, are sour, and so strongly flavoured with aniseed as to be very disagreeable to an English palate. Ekker only provided us with chocolate, which is good, and generally to be procured in the cottages, coffee, eggs, abundance of milk, all excellent of their kind, and the yellow moltebeer or cloudberry (*rubus chamaemorus*), of which the woods are full; they are delicious when made into a preserve, and mixed with cream and sugar. The purple whortleberry (*vaccinium*) is equally abundant, but not so well flavoured; the potatoes also were tolerably good. All we drank, except the pure water, was the brandy and wine which we brought with us from Tronjeim, as the only beverage to be procured in this region is the ardent spirit called finkel, for the manufacturing of which every peasant is allowed by government to have a private still on his premises. * * Our bed-rooms were clean, and provided with all the comforts that we required, although we found the eider-down quilts somewhat warm for this season of the year. The charge for our comfortable lodging, food, attendance, and all other expenses, at Ekker, was about six shillings a day for myself, my son, and our interpreter."

Then, for the sportsman, Ekker has its attractions:—

"The sportsman who can spare the time, and has no objection to encountering the rolling floods of the north sea, will find the Namsen the best salmon river in Europe, and be fully repaid for any difficulties to which he may have been exposed in getting to it. The Tay, the Tweed, and several other streams both in Scotland and in Ireland, are strictly preserved, and occasionally offer a good day's sport; but if you reach the Namsen at the proper season there is no surly keeper to warn you off, and the water is so well stocked with fish that your success becomes a matter of certainty. Neither is there much science required to take from 100 lbs. to 150 lbs. of salmon, grilse, and trout in a day. In most of our rivers at home, where the fisherman of ne-

cessity is stationed on the bank, no slight degree of skill is necessary in throwing the fly to the most 'likely' parts; but you can command the whole of the broad and magnificent stream to which I now allude from a boat, which gives you a great advantage, and is a very killing method of fishing. * * Your two boatmen, to whom you pay about 4 *orts* (3s. 4d.) a day, when not on the water are employed in agricultural pursuits. They expect to have the fish you do not require for your own use, and they divide it amongst the people who live at the three fishing stations of which the river may be said to consist; namely, at Fiskum, beyond which the salmon cannot go up on account of the fall, at Gartland, and at Ekker ferry. For the information of those who may follow me to the Namsen, I should say that there is only room for six rods and as many men, two at each of the above-mentioned villages, where they will meet with the greatest civility, and as good accommodation as a thorough-bred sportsman would wish for. The water the best suited for fishing is not more than from six to eight miles in extent, but this is sufficient for the number of persons I have mentioned, without any risk of their interfering with each other, although they must of course try the same pools and runs every day, which is somewhat objectionable."

Mr. Lloyd and Mr. Laing have already so fully descanted on the sports and social life of the Norwegians, that we shall not further enlarge on either head. The author's ramble in search of the Lapps is a greater novelty; and we regret that we cannot give his eighth chapter, which is devoted to the adventures of his journey; the following description being somewhat unmanageable even, without prelude:—

"The next morning, 27th August, was rainy, and the hills were all covered with clouds; we breakfasted at four, on broiled capercaillie, and brandy and water, but were weather bound at Rorvigen till three o'clock p.m., when we embarked in two small and crazy boats on Lake Limingen. There was far more motion than I liked, the nature of our vessels being duly considered. We were, however, safely landed on some rocks, after a row of about ten English miles, and then set off to walk four more, partly through woods. In our route we passed by a scatter hut, where, as I have before remarked, the peasants who pasture their cows in the neighbourhood keep their milk, cream, and cheeses. We next crossed some barren mountains; and at about half-past seven our guide (the Lapp) desired us not to fire at a pack of ptarmigan which got up close to us, for fear, he said, of disturbing the reindeer, as he every moment expected to find his countrymen. Soon after, as we were all walking in single file, and keeping perfect silence, he stooped suddenly, and pointing with his finger directed our attention to some smoke just seen through the twilight, curling up the side of the opposite hill. The man's manner and attitude were quite dramatic, and we had the satisfaction of feeling that our object was about to be attained. The Lapp now tied up his dog, and ran off, evidently much rejoiced at the idea of rejoining his wife and family, after an absence of several months. He was also anxious to inform his countrymen who we were, and what brought us here, as he had some fear lest they would take alarm, and move off with their herd. He soon, however, returned, and at the same time we saw a large number of reindeer driven up the valley to their quarters for the night, by a man and boy, accompanied by a dog, whose occasional bark seemed to keep them under perfect controul. Upon our arrival we found the encampment consisted of two circular tents built of poles joined together in the centre, in form of a cone, with cloth stretched over them. The door of the larger one, in which we took up our abode, was so low and small, that we had some difficulty in crawling in. The whole scene was highly picturesque. Each tent was occupied by a Lapp family; every individual gave us a most kind reception, and heartily shaking us by the hand, at once offered us a share of their tent, the only night's lodging they had to give. We thankfully accepted their hospitality, and soon found ourselves lying on skins before a large and cheerful fire. The inhabitants of the hut comprised three generations of Lapps; namely, a middle-aged man and his wife, with four children, and an

old grandmother; to these were now added our party, consisting of four Englishmen, their two interpreters, and two other attendants. The tent was made of coarse dark cloth, and the outside of it was covered with turf; around the inside were hung cheeses, bladders, dried gut of reindeer, guns, and various other useful articles. The chief part of the smoke escaped through a large opening at the top, but enough remained painfully to affect our eyes, and to give the copper countenances of the Lapps a shade as dark as those of Indians. The second family, who occupied the smaller tent, namely, our late Lapp guide, Peter Johansen, his wife and two children, soon came to pay us a visit. I have already described his person. His wife and daughter had light hair and fair complexions, and were pleasing in their appearance, and his little boy was an intelligent and interesting child, and although under ten years of age took his turn with the men in watching the reindeer during the night. He was dressed in his best clothes, entirely made of skins, with a girdle round his waist, and such a protuberance in front as to give him the appearance of being stuffed, and greatly to excite our laughter. He wore his knife in its case behind, and several small ornaments by his side; thus forming a complete Lilliputian Lapp in full costume. We were soon presented with a large bowl of reindeer milk, which is much richer than that of the cow, and has a delicate and aromatic flavour, with a pleasant taste, resembling the milk of the cocoa-nut; but I found I could not take much of it with impunity, as it was more like drinking cream than milk. They also boiled for us a reindeer ham, which had only been salted two days before. We found it so good, that upon taking our departure next morning we were glad to add it to our scanty store of provisions. It has a wild flavour, and is quite equal to our park venison. The old grandmother was as shrivelled as a mummy, but the other two women were by no means ill-looking. Their dress was of dark woollen cloth, with silver ornaments in front, as well as in the girdle round the waist, to which sewing implements were suspended. These ornaments were in good taste, and well finished; and the buttons were similar to those used by the peasantry in Spain. I have no doubt this smart costume was put on in compliment to us. The dress of the men consisted of leather coats, and tight trousers of the same material, with reindeer skin boots. All the females smoked; and the old woman seemed more pleased with having her pipe filled with tobacco brought from England than with anything else that we gave her. Some boxes of Lucifer matches which we presented to them were also highly prized; they had evidently never seen them before, and expressed no small astonishment at the manner in which ignition is effected. We regretted we had no fish-hooks, which they inquired for; but we gave them a glass of finkel each, which the octogenarian appeared to relish more than any of her descendants. The head of the family (Johan Nielson) was a grave sedate-looking man; decision of character and intelligence were marked on his fine countenance. In reply to the questions I put to him through my interpreter, he said they were happy in the enjoyment of their wandering pastoral life; that they confined themselves to the mountainous ridge which separates Norway from Sweden, the boundary line between these countries being only two English miles from the spot where they were then encamped; that they had been there about eight days; intended to remain a fortnight longer, and should then move onwards for a change of pasture for their reindeer. He told me that in summer they conduct these animals, which constitute their wealth, to the elevated parts of the mountains, and in the winter they descend to the level country. His herd consisted of about 300, and it appears that a family requires nearly that number for its support. The great proportion of them were his own property, but some belonged to Peter Johansen, and ten to a middle-aged single woman, who lodged with them. These Lapps, although 'dwellers in tents' all the year round, are in many respects far from being uncivilized. They strictly observe the Sabbath, the best reader of the family officiating as priest, and going regularly through the Lutheran service. Occasionally they attend the church of the nearest village on the frontier of Sweden. Our guide, the schoolmaster, is employed by the missionary society,

and twice in the course of every summer attends the Lapps for the purpose of instructing them. He stays for three weeks on each occasion, and divides his time between the different families who are encamped many miles apart. This man told me that all the children could read, write, and say their prayers. The Lapps have but few wants, and appear perfectly satisfied; having no bread, they subsist almost entirely on the produce of their herds, with the occasional assistance of fish and game. We saw no other description of food whatever, neither have they any candles; and when we required additional light, one of the women took a firebrand in her hand and held it up for us. On one occasion we wanted to pour some of their delicious milk into our small keg of finkel; in an instant they very ingeniously made a funnel of some of the birch bark which hung round the tent. The sun and stars are their only clock. They had no spirituous liquors, but it is well known that they are generally addicted to inebriety; and doubtless, when the opportunity occurs of going down into the valleys, either of Sweden or of Norway, they indulge in this their one besetting sin. Both Nielson and Johansen are great hunters, and occasionally are absent from the encampment for many weeks together, in search of bears, seals, and game. It was nearly midnight before our interesting conference with Johan Nielson was brought to a close. He at length asked us in a civil, I might almost say in a polite manner, whether we felt disposed to sleep. To this we assented; and when all was quiet, and most eyes were closed, I surveyed with no little interest the singular scene around me. Our host lit his pipe, by way of a soporific, laid down his head on his hard pillow, and comfortably puffed himself to sleep. One of the children coming in late, the old grandmother lifted up her large reindeer covering, and inclosed the young herdsman within its ample folds. It was a fine night, and we felt no inconvenience either from heat or cold. We were, however, as closely packed all round the tent as negroes in a slave ship, and it would have been difficult for a single additional person to have found a berth. I slept soundly notwithstanding. We were so near the fire, that my foot would have been burnt, had not one of my companions awakened me, and pointed out the danger. It will be long before the details of this night will be forgotten by any of us: and we all regretted that there was no artist amongst us to have sketched some of the more characteristic features of the scene.

This agreeable volume contains many other pictures as attractive, from their freshness, as the above: but other tourists and subjects claim their turn. Suffice it, then, to close our notice of Mr. Milford's book by stating our conviction, that it is calculated to do its mischievous part in destroying the comparative privacy and solitude of Norway, over which we were rejoicing at the commencement of this article.

Hampton Court. By Edward Jesse, Esq. Fifth Edition. Murray.

OF Mr. Murray's, or Mr. Jesse's, Guide-book to Hampton Court, this fifth edition is, in truth, the first which deserves its name. It could not well have been otherwise. Until of late, the Palace itself was the real "maze," its Picture-rooms being the most perplexed part of the labyrinth. No difference existed between it and its clipt-hedge epitome outside, save that the former confused more, and amused less, than the latter, those who entered it. Records have since been consulted, some researches made, moveables arranged, and, to a certain degree, classified, immoveables repaired and rendered intelligible. So our guide himself having got a clue can untwist a thread of it for the public. As respects immoveables, various portions of the Gothic palace,—walls, roofs, windows, &c.—now handsomely patched and painted, and better harmonized with the original masses, facilitate explanation. Those precious moveables, if we may thus entitle them, the Pictures, being now numbered, this circumstance alone gives utility to a guide-book, which before seemed often to have puzzled

the author himself, and must have plunged his ignorant readers still deeper into the lake of darkness. It should never be forgotten that half the public benefit conferred by opening any treasure-house of art remains dormant till a proper Catalogue is provided. Indeed, till then such places are rather lounges for the lower classes, than what they were meant to become, schools of involuntary education for all visitors. Wanting that help, the corporeal eyes may grow wider with vacant wonder, but the mental never uncloses at all. Although the present edition of Mr. Murray's neat little book furnishes much agreeable instruction, and makes a long Pygmean stride beyond its predecessors, still as the Editor advances farther himself towards the temple of knowledge, we hope to see future editions leave this one behind, and reach the last attainable perfection. We should hardly entitle this an improved edition, for little of the previous matter is reproduced. Almost all has been either rewritten, or so remodelled as to form a new work. Much of what was irrelevant we are glad to find omitted, and its place supplied with what was indispensable. Much more, however, in this way, might be done with advantage, and perhaps will. That which we most note as deficient is the artistic criticism, distinct from the mere antiquarian, and far needfuller. But we acknowledge the former, unless very solid and well hammered together, not so easily fitted into small spaces as are chronological scraps, dates, names, and dry facts. Had our author limited his guide-book to Hampton Court alone, perhaps he would have done this fuller justice, and the visitors better service: he commences it, like the Welsh parson's sermon, at the beginning of things,—Hyde Park Corner,—and fetches his readers back again scrupulously to the same spot; whereby many pages are spent away from the proper object of devotion, on a flying pilgrimage to the various shrines of Knightsbridge, Kensington, Hammersmith, &c.—which shrines, however hallowed, do not, we think, sanction such a deviation. These might have been left for the 'Picture of London and its Environs,' thus saving a full eighth of the whole volume, quite enough to have admitted an adequate notice of Raffael's Cartoons, Mantegna's Triumphs, peradventure of the principal easel works also. Raffael's Cartoons especially, which, besides their artistic merits, form a kind of "Poor Man's Bible" so far as they go, should be made the text to a more discursive and discriminative critique than three six-inch legible pages can possibly comprise. But let us rest satisfied at present with the progress accomplished. It is much that a note of interrogation and warning follows several, though not one twentieth of the supposititious painters' names; it might be unwise to push this candour beyond moderate bounds, till the public mind can keep pace with it—novices may derive pleasure, if little other profit, from works level to their mind's eye, an advantage they will lose soon enough on its elevation; there is a bliss of ignorance as well as of knowledge, and it seems the happier lot to have enjoyed both in succession. Truth would oblige a critic to pronounce the Hampton Court Gallery a suite of royal lumber-rooms for the refuse pictures of other palaces, with a very few valuable works interspersed to redeem so much rubbish; but it nevertheless may be considered a kind of Dame's School, where full-grown children may learn the alphabet of art. Official guide-books are almost necessarily over-laudative, the compilers either not daring to vent unfavourable opinions, or desirous to exalt the objects of their guardianship, and by that means their own importance. We should therefore appreciate Mr. Jesse's frankness, in particular when he condemns himself for defective arrangement of

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inipeness, many of the pictures being described as "invisible" or "unseen;" and when he, the Surveyor of Her Majesty's Parks and Palaces, complains that a certain chapel, under his own care at Hampton Court, "cannot be seen by the historian or the antiquary, or indeed by the public generally, which certainly ought [not?] to be the case" (p. 135). We may, upon the whole, recommend this pretty little volume to public patronage, hoping encouragement would beget further improvement. Again, we repeat, a good Catalogue Raisonné, or guide-book, doubles the educative power of every Museum, palatial, ecclesiastical, scientific, or artistical, which philanthropy or policy lays open to the people.

We have of late more than once (see *Athenæum*, pp. 427, 503,) contributed our mite towards the little yet understood about this labyrinthine retreat, hitherto almost as hidden from profane gaze, as if all but its front were overgrown by Bushy Park. Let us here add a few other infinitesimal memoranda, which may swell the sum of those in the visitor's pericranium or pocket-book, perchance even prove suggestive to the compiler of a *Sixth* edition of the Guide itself. First, then, we shall venture some broader opinions upon certain among the Pictures than the said circumspect cicero has thought fit to hazard. Of several works decorated with the illustrious name of *Giulio Romano*, there is not one that merits either credence or admiration: they give some faint notion of his style, none whatever of his powers. No. 1, 'The Battle of Constantine,' has value as a copy of Giulio's fresco after Raffael, but a copy no more by Giulio Pippi than Julius Caesar. Neither is there any *Correggio* at Hampton Court. The portrait, No. 67, though a tolerable picture, would be miserable for him—*Correggio* never painted tolerable pictures. Its grandiose composition betrays a fine original, from which this heavy, fatty piece of workmanship, as if painted in a vehicle of lard, was imitated. *Correggio's* flesh had a more natural smoothness and softness than white glove leather boiled into pulp, such as this resembles. When "said to represent Baccio Bandinelli, the sculptor," we suspect *Begarelli*, with whom *Correggio* studied modelling, has a stronger title; but perhaps some *Antiquarian* unknown a better than either—the coins, missal, and fur cap, as well as statues, seem to distinguish him from a mere sculptor. No. 69, 'Margaret Lemon,' ascribed to *Vandyke*, would have been better painted by him in a fit of paralysis: it does not possess half so good claims on his pencil as the 'Miss Lemon' of Strawberry Hill (*vide Athenæum*, No. 755), and these we thought dubious. He could paint ill by-times, to daub was out of his power. Compare this with No. 210, 'Cupid and Psyche,' believed his last picture, and feeble enough to have been drawn by his half dead fingers, yet the spectre of departed strength still lingers about it. Our critiques are perforce negational: we cannot recognize a decided *Titian* here. 'The Recumbent Venus' (No. 55), which our contributor mentions as "a replica," and the Guide-book much less accurately, as "one of the twenty repetitions, or would-be originals of the same picture" at Florence, is in truth a replica, but not by *Titian* himself, and a replica moreover with alterations. Great authorities, we know, contend for its *Titianity*; had they ever beheld the Cyprian queen of the Tribune herself, they would allow this replica at once as nothing beyond *Titianesque*. Justice to the best of all portrait painters, *Vandyke* not excepted, obliges us to declare our scepticism about the so-called 'Alexander de' Medici' (No. 79). *Titian's* aristocracy of soul would have breathed a yet loftier grandeur over its mien; and the tints want his marvellous "lucentezza," the touches his perfect freedom, to a degree which *Time's*

ill-treatment fails in accounting for. The portrait, No. 113, entitled by some Ignatius Loyola, and praised by Hazlitt, we think has still less pretensions. No. 97, 'Christian IV. of Denmark,' and No. 451, 'Duke Christian of Brunswick-Lüneburg,' are really finer works, but Dutch all over down to their painters' names—*Vansomer* and *Honthorst*. 'Portrait of a Lady of Florence,' No. 132, given to *Sebastian del Piombo*, is probably neither the likeness nor the work of an Italian, but a Rhine-lander. It displays the thin, hard, crystalline colouring, the sharp decided drawing, and the transitory costume, peculiar to certain Flemish and Rhenish painters, quite distinct from *Del Piombo's* mellow, simpler workmanship. No. 134, 'The Virgin and Child,' pretends itself a *Mabuse*, we suppose on the strength of its stiffness and old-fashionedness. There is no fine specimen here in his original manner,—the 'Children of Henry VII.' No. 335, being the best, yet tending, we think, more than Dr. Waagen admits, to that swollen, bulbous style characteristic of *Mabuse's* later productions. The 'Adam and Eve,' No. 576, exhibits his primitive vigour, employed only to distort the grand into the grotesque, and the artistic into the artificial. There was a specimen of *Mabuse* here not long since, worth the whole roomful of comparative rubbish around it; but Her Majesty has resumed her too generous grant, and 'St. Matthew at the Receipt of Custom' is now at the receipt of court compliments in Buckingham Palace; while, to make up for its abstraction, some dozen-dozen pictures, the scuttlings of all the royal domiciles, were carted into Hampton Court, which overflowed with such Augean refuse already. This is educating the public taste downwards, not upwards. However, *viva!* let the world wag! No *Giorgione*, no *Da Vinci*, no *Parmegiano*, but *Lelys*, *Knellers*, *Cignanis*, *Rottenhamers*, *Wests*, and *Hugginses*, *usque ad nauseam*. Sir William Beechey's 'George III. and Sons,' hung beside *Tintoretto's* 'Nine Muses' (No. 161), well exemplifies the difference between bigness and greatness. Those ill-painted but characteristic wise-looking old Elizabethan heads of 'Lord High Admiral Howard,' 'Sir Francis Walsingham,' 'Sir Nicholas Bacon,' 'Sir George Croke,' (Nos. 286, 288, 289, 290,) deserve attention and contemplation. No. 299, 'Head of a Young Man,' by an unknown artist, has much the air of *Hans Hemling's* style; earnest and serious in expression, laboured for truth's sake in execution. How that red St. Andrew's cross of a 'Surrey' (No. 306), can be affiliated upon *Holbein*, surpasses our conception. There are, however, some true *Holbeins* here; 'Sir Henry Guildford' (No. 314), just the bull-necked, broad-fronted opponent to butt against the Cardinal Butcher's-son of Ipswich; *Holbein's* 'Father and Mother,' (No. 317); his 'Self' (No. 350), and his 'Wife,' (No. 351); 'Erasmus Writing' (No. 341); 'Christ in the Garden,' (No. 387), which last is hung so mathematically out of place, as to make a crevice across it reflect the opposite light, and seem to cut it asunder—thus we have two pictures for one by ingenious mismanagement! This was not the case where it hung before. No. 330, 'Francis I., the Duchesse d'Étampes, and Triboulet the Court-fool,' if done by *Janet*, except as a caricature, the God of Painting should have rubbed his nose in it, and forbade him to commit such a nuisance on board or canvas again. No. 488, 'Nymphs Reposing,' has suffered much from the flood of time, but it must sweep every trace away before the splendour of *Rubens's* genius is washed out altogether. Some of *West's* most endurable performances furnish out the walls of the Queen's Drawing-room—we allude to his Royal Family-pieces and Portraits. It is true, the little princes with long

pockets and knee-breeches, the little princesses with their grannam caps, and all with their heads cropt or thatched as trim as haycocks, make a droll appearance. Her present Majesty's father (No. 493,) looks like *Moses* in the Vicar of Wakefield; indeed, an air of extreme simpleness runs throughout these royal groups, bringing to mind rather the *Primroses* and the *Flamboroughs* than the *Guelfs* of our imagination. Nevertheless we can abide anything but President *West's* classical pictures. No. 511, 'Henry VIII. and Family,' given to *Holbein*, seems much later, and not so much portraiture from real life as ideal. The two wing-pieces (Nos. 509 and 510) beside it, are curious, and have been good, before restoration ruined them. We have little doubt that the antique Battle-scenes and Processions (Nos. 311, 516, 517, 518, 520,) were painted by a Flemish or Rhenish artist, not an Italian, as some persona conceive. *Mantegna's* Triumphal Series has been removed from a room where it was almost invisible to another where it is seen too close; but the change may be approved, though what was meant for a frieze must have all its drawing falsified by its new position near the surbase. With respect to the contest whether these noble pictures, at any time, underwent restoration, we fancy a blind person could feel a difference of pictorial touch upon the canvases; whether they benefitted by that restoration we think is decided when the restorer's name is specified—*Laquerre*. A Frenchman of the peruke school could not help spoiling the ancient Paduan master's *capo d'opera*, and would do the *worser* the more he was inspired by his god of fine art, *Apollo le bel*. *Mantegna* himself, had he but wiped his fingers on the canvas, would have done better than *Monsieur*. For our remarks on *Raffael's* Cartoons, see *Athenæum*, Nos. 533, 34, 35. Read also the critiques of *Waagen* and *Passavant*, and the raptures of *Jonathan Richardson*.

English readers may consider this paragraph as bracketted off to the particular use of our German friends, being only about the late-found *Francia*; we promise our countrymen a longer paragraph instead, upon the next *Murillo* that deserves it. *Francesco Francia's* 'Baptism,' (No. 454), of which a contributor gave some account in *Athenæum*, p. 428, is an upright picture about six feet by four; the principal figures about four feet high. They are—a St. John Baptist kneeling, on the spectator's left; behind him two Angels; opposite him a Christ standing to receive the sacrament of water. Over head appears the Dove, whose image glitters in the shallow stream beneath, which looks ill-adapted for such a reflection if not miraculous, and spreads itself with emblematic purity at the Immaculate Ablutionist's feet. On the middle plane are four smaller figures: an Old Man, who raises his hand to his brow as if searching whence the preternatural voice and illumination come; 2ndly, a person just baptized; and two Monks, according to the excusable anachronism of *Romish* biblical pieces. In the background a church, trees, and hills. Near the left hand corner, *FRANCIA. AVRIFEX. BONONIE*, indicative of *Old Francia*, not his son *Giacommo*. The drawing needs hardly be remarked as stiff and meagre. The picture is also of course a severe tricolour, green, blue, and pale yellow or whitish, *Francia's* favorite union. German connoisseurs may understand how their English brethren appreciate *Old Francia*, when we tell them this admirable specimen slumbered unknown in a royal garret for centuries, the prey of damp and destructive neglect. It was therefore kept rather than preserved, and has been since patched up, if not much amended. The drapery is a good deal, the foliage almost all, retouched. Cleansing appears to have got rid of many blemishes, and left some beauties. Verily, Christ's neck and

bosom shine like a schoolboy's morning face, after their recent baptism in spirits of turpentine. His head has lost its golden halo, but not its glory of expression. Francia never delineated a finer—it is in the sombre tone befitting the Man of Sorrows. Northern artists paint black hair lifeless and cold; Italians paint it elastic like living hair, and give its monotonous tint the mellow warmth of their climate. St. John's head also is very noble, yet reverential: the light however on its upper lip seems light from the restorer's hand rather than from heaven. Calm, intense feeling characterizes both Angel countenances; it makes all their beauty, and it is beauty enough. We hope this exquisite picture, so well calculated to exalt the public taste, will be left at Hampton Court for that purpose, and that her Majesty will not countenance the abduction of our Francia as she did of our *Mabuse*.

We have elsewhere alluded to the various architectural improvements and non-improvements of the old palace. Another alteration proposed, if not contemplated, we should class among the latter, viz., to substitute a new Gothic screen for Wren's classical one in the middle quadrangle. Could that quadrangle boast itself undebauched Gothic, we might desire to see the whole remodelled accordingly; but to demolish our English Palladio's work, however inharmonious with the rest, for sake of Henry VIII.'s mongrel constructions, themselves further disfigured by miserable attempts at amelioration, would be Gothicism indeed. Is Wren's screen a greater eyesore than that hideous double-roof over the Hall of Horns opposite, or than the unpicturesque barbarities accumulated upon the eastern façade? When both these heaps of offence give place to good Perpendicular features, it will be time enough to sacrifice Sir Christopher's screen for Mr. Jesse's. Apropos of the Great Hall aforesaid: we are told that it "is a distinct building from the old Manor Hall of the days of Cardinal Wolsey," and that "Wolsey's Hall was of a piece with the present Presence Chamber" next it (p. 22). May we venture to throw a doubt upon this last point? Although the Presence Chamber was admired from its air of gloom and antiquity by Sir Walter Scott, it would have grown darker we suspect at the Cardinal's frown. Wolsey lived somewhat later than the pure Gothic period, but had a better taste than to sanction that foolish perversion of its commonest principles—*vaulting* ribs laid flatwise on a horizontal ceiling, with pendants which support no lateral pressure! We guess the *circular* bay-window a more recent interpolation also; and our notion, suggested by general reasons, seems verified by the brickwork outside, which does not show the lozenge pattern displayed over all the masonry of the ancient palace, even over all, except the bay, in this very kitchen-court where reparations have been numerous.

So many other ideas of every hue between conjecture and conviction present themselves to us on the subject of Hampton Court, its groves, gardens, architecture, pictures, and tapestries, that we must suppress them altogether, except one remark about the last item—these tapestries have no resemblance to the style of *Primiticcio*, but a good deal to that of *Bernard van Orley*.

Descriptive and Historical Sketches of Avranches and its Vicinity. By James Hairby, M.D. Avranches, Tribouillard.

WE have observed that all writers who have named Avranches in their wanderings, cannot do so without speaking in grateful terms of the kindness and hospitality of its inhabitants, French and English; and the character bestowed upon them is assuredly deserved. It would seem as if Avranches—that favoured nook of beautiful Normandy—had concentrated within its bosom all that is most agreeable in the French character, combined with the sterling qualities of its

neighbour of England. Certain it is, that nowhere are strangers better received, nowhere is society more pleasant, and nowhere can be found a more simple, honest, and kind-hearted people, both gentry and peasantry. It is not therefore surprising that so many of our countrymen should become residents in that clean, neat, and pleasantly situated town, where there are more pretty houses and gardens in pretty situations, than in any place in Normandy. We cannot but feel respect towards Dr. Hairby, when we read his commendations of his friends, and we agree with him in his praises of the town and the people. If we were not literary critics, we should say with Sir Lucius, "when affection guides the pen, he must be a brute who finds fault with the style;" but we are obliged to confess that the Doctor's manner of writing a book is one of the heaviest and least amusing it has been our ill-fortune to remark for some time. Although there is a good deal in and about Avranches, which would furnish pleasant subjects for description, with Dr. Hairby all is prosy and wearisome. The tourist, or resident for a time, cares very little when or whether the Druids, Kimri, Slavonic, or Sarmatian people lived there; and even the Norman Rollo, unless he did something worth telling, becomes a very tedious gentleman, when not a single tower or stone remains to claim him for its constructor; yet the greatest part of this volume is taken up with dry historical records of that which has been repeated so often, by all writers on the subject of the old Norman towns, that the general reader closes the book in disgust, and the antiquary has no need to read it in a work professing to describe the place as it now stands.

As we cannot look for entertainment in this volume, we may as well take advantage of the information it affords to persons seeking a comfortable residence on the other side of the channel. To such the following passage may be interesting, for its details may be relied on:—

"All the large houses are at present occupied by native and British gentry; but in the course of a few months new and commodious habitations will be available. There are some suburban cottages with gardens attached, which may be had at an exceedingly moderate rent. The town residences,—which also have for the most part gardens connected with them,—let at from 30*l.* to 55*l.* per annum. Commodious furnished lodgings may also be had from 30 *fr.* to 120 per month, but except in the item of beds—which are generally very good—the furniture is indifferent in quality, and extremely deficient in quantity, many necessities being wanting altogether. Carpets are never supplied, and these, either new or old, should be brought from England for winter use, as they are highly expensive in France, and can always be disposed of from one British resident to another, on favourable terms. There is a duty of 15 per cent. on their importation, but this is a trifling addition compared with the differences of the prices in France and England on carpets and all woollen articles. While touching upon the subject of domestic arrangement, it may not be useless to state that there is a considerable saving (to those who intend to reside for three or even two years), in purchasing furniture, which may be obtained of very excellent quality at moderate expense; if the system of hiring be adopted—a common practice—the charge for very indifferent articles is so far beyond their value, that in three years it amounts almost, if not altogether, to their first cost."

"The English society is highly respectable in general, and there is a constant interchange of friendly, social, but inexpensive intercourse. Any stranger meaning to reside, whose station of life and correctness of deportment entitle him to a reception in society, is sure of a ready admission, and of receiving polite and hospitable attention. The French society is particularly good; many of the old noblesse and their descendants reside in Avranches, and the English who have the privilege of *entrée* to the French houses, find it exceedingly agreeable from the courtesy and kindness with which they are treated."

The author is more agreeable in describing the scenery at and near Avranches, and is quite right to point out the beauties of Mortain, though we cannot agree with him that the accommodations at the old inn there are *even* tolerable, except the willingness to oblige, and the general good humour of the land-

lady and domestics can be accepted in lieu of necessaries. Nevertheless, it is worth while to endure a night's lodging there, in order to enjoy the beauties of the spot, and have plenty of time to visit the fine ruins of the Abbaye Blanche and the waterfalls, which, after rain, are equal to any that can be seen in spots more vaulted. We shall, however, quote the description of Brecey, as the place is less known:—

"Either going to or returning from Mortain, a slight *détour* will enable the traveller to visit Brecey: the road to which diverges to the left about seven miles from Avranches, and three from Brecey; the view from the hill above it is very fine, and quite as rich as any in Normandy. The period when the *château* was built is not accurately ascertained. The structure, though of no great antiquity, is rapidly falling into decay; the house, consisting of a long pile with two wings, has two fronts; but the steps leading to the door on the north side have been removed, and that entrance is now closed. The under story is used as a cowhouse, and the upper as a granary. A farmer occupies whatever parts of the house are habitable, and his wife, who is a good-natured stirring dame, acts as a cicerone; indeed, the principal part of her office consists in warning visitors not to put their feet in such and such places, for there are so many holes in the boards that a false step might precipitate one rather unceremoniously into a lower story. The room now used as a kitchen, is lined with beautiful oak, and the ceiling of the same material is carved and ornamented with brass, and has in the centre a painting of the birth of our Saviour, and the shepherds encircling him. The staircase is wide and handsome, and built of granite. The *salle* must have been a very splendid room from its proportions and ornamented ceiling; the floor is still composed of numberless pieces of wood neatly inlaid. The view around comprehends extended undulations of country resembling parts of England in picturesque luxuriance, a river said to abound in trout, and a long straight avenue, which marked the approach to a nobleman's residence."

Dr. Hairby's account of the beauties of Granville is correct:—

"Granville is a few leagues farther on, the nearest sea-port to Avranches,—the distance being about seven leagues,—and the residence of a British consul; but is in no respect remarkable except for the beauty of its women, who are pre-eminently superior to the females of the surrounding country. They are dark complexioned, with rather high cheekbones, and probably have some Spanish blood in their veins; but, from whatever origin descended, they are fine specimens of womankind; their neat low caps, covering luxuriant black hair, and the elegant mantillas or capes which they wear, give them a graceful air, distinguishing them at once from the high coiffed, and very plain looking women generally seen in the province."

With the following characteristic anecdote of the Amazons of Granville, we conclude:—

"Not long ago a whimsical instance of the still warlike temperament of the women occurred. Some fishermen's wives and daughters perceived a few English fishing boats intruding upon the oyster banks near the island of Chauvey, at the time when the French government cruiser appointed to keep the coast clear from such pirates, happened to be in the harbour. They forthwith went to the officer commanding, and told him to go out immediately with his crew, which from some cause or other was not deemed necessary or practicable at the instant. Impatient of delay, the *poissonnères* (and ladies of their vocation are not the most mild and gentle of their sex) rushed down to the pier and swore that they would *man* the boat themselves, put out to sea, and fire upon the English corsairs,—as there was little doubt of their capability of doing so, in spite of the legitimate crew, if they thought proper, the officer was obliged to comply at once with their orders, and sail in haste."

Some remarks of an eccentric Bishop of Avranches, of the sixteenth century, against long hair and beards, and the wickedness of women, are characteristic; but we dare not extract the lines, Latin or English, in which she, to resemble whom "angels are painted fair," is depicted by the ungallant churchman, or scarce less culpable translator, whose crime in rendering such verses into English probably caused his

pen to tremble, and produced such halting metre as he has indulged us with.

The lithographic drawings, giving representations of several interesting parts of the town of Avranches, are extremely faithful.

A Manual of Dignities, Privilege, and Precedence.
By C. R. Dodd, Esq. Whittaker.

THIS is a useful little book, by a gentleman well known as the author of a 'Peerage and Baronetage,' and other works of the same character. The matter is well digested, agreeably put together, and interspersed with poetical quotations, sometimes selected with entertaining quaintness. In a monarchical and aristocratical constitution like ours, the subjects here treated have their due importance; and it is as great a proof of weakness to ridicule and decry as to overrate them. Mr. Dodd could not have prefixed a happier motto to such discussions than the fine *éloge* on 'Order,' which Shakspeare puts into the mouth of Ulysses, in the play of 'Troilus and Cressida.' With respect to 'Precedence,' it is not as generally understood as it ought to be, that it is a branch of the laws of England. The author observes:—

"Precedence is not regulated by mere conventional arrangements; it is no fluctuating practice of fashionable life, no result of voluntary compacts in society, no usurpation of one class over others; but, on the contrary, is part and parcel of the laws of England, subsisting under the authority of acts of parliament, solemn decisions of courts of justice, or public instruments proceeding from the crown."

Mr. Dodd has not that blind reverence for rank and title which is often observable in writers who have devoted their pens to "the pomp of heraldry and pride of power." His motto to the chapter on Barons (taken from Churchill) verges on a republican spirit:—

What is a lord? Does that plain simple word
Contain some magic spell? As soon as heard,
Like an alarm bell on night's dull ear,
Doth it strike loud, and more strong appear
Than other words?

And he sets up no lower standard of dignity for the Peerage than that set up by Spenser, in a stanza of the 'Tears of the Muses,' too well known to be repeated here.

The "dormancy" of a peerage is sometimes confounded with its "abeyance." But they are distinct things, and the author points out the difference.

"Dormant peerages are distinguished from those in abeyance, by the condition of the former not being the necessary result of circumstances that always continue effective in their operation. Dormant peerages are those which cease to be borne by any one, but yet are neither extinct nor abeyant. Peerages in abeyance are not assumed, because no one has any exclusive right to them, for they are vested in several persons at once. Extinct peerages are not borne by any one, because the representatives of the person first ennobled have died out. But dormant peerages are those which are unassumed, from the poverty of the present heir and representative, from a delicacy on his part towards the claims of others in cases of disputed legitimacy, or from a variety of other causes of a temporary or personal nature: thus it may be known that a peerage is not extinct, but from there being several claimants, it may not be apparent who is the individual truly entitled, and in that way the peerage may be described as dormant."

There is a statistical chapter on the "duration of life among members of the peerage," the calculations being taken from an article published two or three years since in the *Lancet*. The average age at which an heir succeeds to his title is said to be 30½ years; the average period for which he enjoys his peerage 26½ years. The latter is also the average duration of the reigns of the twenty-four sovereigns of England since the Conquest, who died in the ordinary course of nature on the throne. The mean age of peers is computed to be forty-five. We confess we place but little faith in results drawn from data so indeterminate and fluctuating. It is hard to discover any reason why the duration of life in the peerage should follow any other law than that which obtains in the wider circle, which embraces the aristocratic classes in general. The lives of peers are passed pretty nearly amidst the same occupations and amusements as those of commoners of the first degree. The

care or pleasures of legislation constitute the only difference; but we cannot bring ourselves to think that the spans of the nobility are either lengthened or shortened by their attendance in the House of Lords. It is stated that "the mortality amongst peers under sixty-five increases at the rate of fifty per cent. for every ten years that they advance. This is a much higher rate of increase than has been observed outside the peerage,—the average being thirty-four per cent., except in London and other large towns. At all ages above sixty-five the mortality in the peerage agrees very closely with that of the general population."

As but very few peers above the age of sixty-five take part in the business of parliament, it would appear from these statements that, if their senatorial labours have any physical effect upon the peerage at all, it is that of abridging the duration of their lives; but we cannot bring ourselves to believe that the senate-house has any such ravages to answer for.

Glancing at the remarks upon the Order of the Bath, we have been struck by the vague, if not low, moral qualifications exacted from candidates for that dignity. No one is eligible but a gentleman of blood, bearing coat-arms, and "void of all reproach." A man is esteemed "void of all reproach" who has not been convicted of heresy, attainted of high treason, or who has not fled (out of cowardice) from a battlefield. Thus, provided a gentleman is neither a heretic, a traitor, nor a poltroon, he is unblemished enough for this "most honorable military order." Heresy, treason, and cowardice, were, we suppose, the only crimes that a gentleman of blood, bearing coat-armour, was capable of. The statutes of the Order of the Bath teach us, therefore, what the offences of a gentleman are. It is odd enough to find cowardice in the number.

We hope Mr. Dodd's opinion of the Privy Council did not suggest the source from which he takes his motto for the chapter upon that body:—

I sat beside
A throned king, and was his councillor;
And we knit laws together.

This is taken from a poem called 'Pandemonium!' He has a better opinion of the Attorney General:—

His public virtues from domestic spring;
He loves his God, his country, and his king.

But he introduces the "legal functionaries of Ireland" rather disrespectfully:—

A motley mixture! with long wigs and bags,
In silks, in stuffs, in tassels, and in rags.

His idea of a Dean, too, is not the most flattering:

Two dozen canons round your stall,
And you the tyrant o'er them all.

We must here conclude, recommending this compact and portable volume as the best synopsis we have seen of all the matters which it proposes to embrace, as containing, besides, a great deal of collateral information, both curious and entertaining.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Life in the West: Extracts from the Note-Book of Morleigh in Search of an Estate.—On the stage, the style of Young Rapid is amusing for a few farcical scenes: in a book, it becomes fatiguing;—hence our objections to 'Life in the West.' Morleigh, the author, is obviously a clever, sarcastic sort of good fellow; willing to play the part of *buon camarado* "with every passing villager"—able to laugh at his dearest friends when they have once parted company—but fidgety to an excess. Scene succeeds scene, passage passage, and good story good story, until the book becomes an *olla* rather than a selection; and the parts are jostled together till all distinctness is lost. Our author is, in brief, the very reverse of excellent Mrs. Clavers; and, whereas it was difficult to find a passage in her book short enough to extract, here it is next to impossible to select a scene complete enough to be worth disengaging. The author's real adventures, too, of sea voyage and backwood ramble, are disagreeably crossed by the fictitious narrative of one who is senselessly in search of an estate, and rushes hither and thither, wherever materials and characters for a magazine article are to be found. One page, however, may amuse such of our readers as have not forgotten the poet, whose praise of the ladies of Toronto was quoted from Captain Marryat, in the *Athenæum*, No. 610. The bard, it seems,—no less eminent a character than the redoubt-

able Freyburg minstrel, on whom Mrs. Bray stumbled,—has been so enchanted by the notoriety bestowed upon him by the Captain, that his gratitude and admiration have broken forth in song: thus—

To the most celebrated Capt. Marryat, &c. &c.

The most celebrated Captain Marryat
Of our day stands unrivalled as the sun,
Whose great fame all should wish to arrive at,
And in his most transcendent course to run.
High on the pinnacle of honour and fame
Captain Marryat is now a soaring,
And great and exalted is his good name,
And most widely through the world it does ring.
Captain Marryat's fame shines most brilliantly,
Giving light to the whole universe wide,
And all will remember continually
And will look up to him as their guide.

The Accordance of Religion with Nature, by the Rev. J. H. Gabell.—The author's purpose in this volume is to simplify and extend Butler's celebrated argument in favour of Natural and Revealed Religion derived from Analogy. In conducting such an argument there is always a besetting tendency to confound similarity with analogy, to look for resemblances between things themselves, and not between their relations; and this must necessarily be the case when analogy is employed as a positive proof, and not in its proper force, as an answer to objections. At the utmost, we should only be warranted in inferring that the evidences which support the great doctrines of Religion, are of the *nature* and *kind* by which similar truths are established and received as incontrovertible. It only remains to determine the cogency of the evidence in degree and amount. Mr. Gabell's reasoning, in fact, establishes what in the Scotch courts is called "a plea of relevancy;" he has shown that the Christian evidences bear upon the question at issue; this is a valuable service, the importance of which has been underrated by too many Christian advocates. Mr. Gabell has executed his task with ability and discretion; in some passages he strains his proofs rather more than they well bear, but these instances are rare; in general, his reasoning accords with the strict rules of logic.

Minor Poetry.—It would have given us pleasure, under a less plethoric state of poetical literature, to have dwelt awhile on Mr. Meason Laing's '*Hours in Norway*,' for the sake of Oehlenschläger's tragedy of 'Axel and Valborg,' which he has translated, not inelegantly. But the northern dramatist's style demanded greater exactness and nerve than are here displayed. Musical language and amiable feelings are to be found in the '*Hours in Norway*,'—but these are but "whittings' eyes for pearls," when measured with the requisites which Poetry ought to possess, to win a listener now-a-days.—'*Wakondah, the Master of Life*,' and '*The Power of the Passions, and Other Poems*,' by Mrs. K. A. Ware, are of American extraction. The lady, if we mistake not, is a frequent and popular contributor to the *souvenirs* and periodicals of her country. Though not the greatest of its singers, she is certainly not the least sweet: and her thoughts and her melodies have a touch of nationality, which recommends them to us.—A most absurd little book is '*One Centenary of Sonnets dedicated to Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria*,' by Her Majesty's faithful liege and servant, Thomas Hawkins, Esq. It is a collection of "the Extinct Monsters of the Ancient Earth," quite as curious of its kind, as its author's '*Memoirs of Ichthyosaurus and Plesiosaurus*' (*Athen.* No. 347). There is hardly a fossil conceit belonging to the most conceited of the antique sonneteers, which "Her Majesty's faithful liege" has not disinterred.—Another *Book of Sonnets*, of a far different quality, is the one edited by Mr. A. M. Woodford, containing some of the choicest gems of ancient and modern poetry. We know not, however, that after Mr. Housman's well-selected volume, another such collection was needed: the number of really precious sonnets, if not positively to be counted, being far smaller than amateurs are apt to admit.—Mr. Robert Gun Cunningham's '*Wanderings*' were "written many years ago, from reflections arising from a tour which the author made with some valued friends (now no more) in Switzerland." The poet touches in turn upon Voltaire, Byron, Napoleon, and the wonders of Swiss scenery.—Mr. John Allen Slater's '*Shadows of Thought*' appear to be of Manchester origin. His style is familiar even to impertinence: when we read his 'hail fellow well met' congratulation to Her Majesty upon her mar-

riage, we could not but remember the whimsical burden of the Scottish song addressed to another female sovereign,—

Ye're right Queen Anne, Queen Anne,
Ye're right, Queen Anne, my dow.

Mr. Wingfield dedicates his 'Solitude' in the following inflated fashion—"To Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer, a poet mighty in the bright service of truth." His verses, by the simplicity of their style, do no discredit to the pomposity of the above inscription. Italics and capital letters are spread over his pages thick as autumnal leaves, while the rhymes they illustrate contain a mixture of such Johnsonian grandeur as Anna Seward delighted in, and such calm contemplations as the chaster disciples of Wordsworth have learned to cherish. Far better is Mr. Noel's 'Solitude,'—a quatuorain which we take leave to extract from that gentleman's 'Rhymes and Roundelays.'

O Solitude!—amidst these ancient oaks,
Whose shadows broad sleep on the mossy ground,
And breeze-fann'd boughs send forth a slumberous sound,
Whose rugged trunks the hoary lichen cloaks—
Where leaps the squirrel, and the raven croaks—
These rifted thorns, with snaky ivy bound,
In many a fold fantastic, round and round,—
These tree-Laocoons—which the woodman's strokes
Shall never make to totter to their fall,—
Which time alone shall waste,—how dear art thou
To me, who commune with thy calmness now,
When peaceful Evening spreads her purple pall,
And Contemplation, with her scroll unfurled,
Bring sad-sweet thoughts to wean me from the world!

Glimpses of fancy and feeling will be discerned in other pages of Mr. Noel's book—but his rhymes want the hand of the pruner, and his roundelays sometimes come too near the absurd, when the fantastic was the point aimed at.—'Pride, or the Heir of Craven,' by Henry Cook, is a hot-pressed romance in six cantos of heroic measure: we tried it once—twice; we could not try it a third time. Far more welcome, because far less pretending, is such a little volume as Mary Chalenor's 'Walter Gray, a Ballad, and other Poems.' Here domestic subjects are pleasingly, if not forcibly, touched: the book, in short, is womanly.—Samuel Mullen's 'Cottager's Sabbath,' as the best among its company, shall close this paragraph. It was unwise by so near an approach to a title embalmed in the odour of sanctity by the genius of Burns, to provoke comparison. But shutting our ears to that most irreverent humbler of vain glory, we can give praise to the faithful pictures, in smooth verse, which Mr. Mullen's handsome volume contains:—handsome, in being decorated by some highly-finished vignette steel engravings from the designs of Warren.

List of New Books.—Eton Greek Grammar, with Notes, &c., by the Rev. J. Bosworth, D.D., 4th edit. 12mo. 4s. cl. lettered.—Elements of Arithmetic, comprising Logarithms, by the Rev. W. Foster, M.A., 12mo. 2s. red.—Fallacies of the Faculty, by S. Dickson, M.D., 2nd edit. 8vo., reduced to 5s. cl.—The Child's Guide to Knowledge, 11th edit. enlarged 18mo. 3s. hf-bd.—Histoire de Charles XII., par Voltaire, new edit. edited by Catty, 12mo. 4s. bd.—A Diagram to Define the Lives of the Patriarchs, by J. L. Smith, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Admonitory Epistles from a Governor to her late Pupils, by Jane Smith, 12mo. 5s. cl.—Salvation possible to the Vildest Sinners, by Rev. J. Herrick, 18mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—The Millennium, a Poem, with copious Notes by a Millenarian, 4to. 5s. swd.—Worthington's General Precedent for Wills, 4th edit. royal 12mo. 15s. bds.—The Poor Law Commission Act and other Poor Law Acts of this Session, by William Golden Lumley, Esq., 12mo. 4s. cl.—Coulson on the Bladder and Prostate Gland, 3rd edit. 8vo. 7s. cl.—West on the Management of Woods, Plantations, &c., 8vo. 6s. bds.—Langstaff on Health, 2nd edit. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—The Illustrated Itinerary of Lancaster, imperial 8vo. 22s. 6d. hf-morocco.—The Primitive Doctrine of Election, by George Stanley Faber, 2nd edit. 8vo. 14s. cl.—Apostolic Christianity, or the People's Antidote against Puseyism and Romanism, by Rev. J. Godkin, 8vo. 6s. cl.—Hancock's Medical Guide for Mothers, 2nd edit. fc. 5s. cl.—The Hand-book for Life Assurances, fc. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.—Vaughan's Modern Pulpit in relation to the state of Society, royal 12mo. 5s. cl.—Parnell's Elements of Chemical Analysis, Organic and Inorganic, 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—Narrative of Various Journeys in Balochistan, Afghanistan, and the Panjab, by Charles Masson, 3 vols. demy 8vo. 42s. cl.—Sullivan's Popular Education, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Lover's Facts in Chemistry, Part I., 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Prendeville's Livy, Book I. to V., new edit. 12mo. 5s. bd.—Sullivan's Introduction to Geography, 18mo. 1s. cl.—Sullivan's Geography Generalized, 12mo. 2s. cl.—Gallery of Antiquities selected from the British Museum, coloured, Part I., 4to. 21s. bds.—Russia and the Russians in 1842, by J. G. Kohl, Esq., Vol. I., post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—A Summer's Day at Greenwich, by William Shoberl, Esq., 12mo. 1s. 6d. cl.—Strickland's Lives of the Queens of England, Vol. V., post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—On the Different Forms of Insanity, by J. C. Richiard, 1 vol. post 8vo. 5s. cl.—Hooker's Icones Plantarum, new series, Vol. I., 8vo. 28s. cl.

"STABAT MATER."
Nor in the glare of lamps would I again
Hear that lorn strain,
But, in some chapel dim,
(Where, on cold marble prest,
The throbbing brow might rest,
And tears unnoted on the pavement fall,
With twilight shades wrapped round me like
a pall),
Think on thee, Virgin Mother, and on Him.
Then, when that wailing moan
Broke the oppressive silence all around
With its scarce earthly sound,
As though 'twere dying Nature's stricken
groan,
And thy low sobbings told thy anguish deep,
All human sympathies
Would bid my filling eyes
With thine, oh, woman comfortless! to weep.

(Stabat mater, &c.) For thou at his right hand
Beneath his cross didst stand,
Oh, Mother, of all women most afflicted;
And thy soft virgin breast,
Whereon he learnt to rest,
Was pierced to bleeding by the sword predicted.

(Oh quam tristis) How mournful and distrest
Wert thou, Madonna blest,
For him, thy only son, in anguish weeping!
How was thy faint heart-sighing
Echoed by Jesus dying,
While thou thy piteous vigil then wert keeping!

Nor he, that faithful one,
Beloved and loving John,
The only sharer of thy sad heart's throbbing;
(Quis es homo) For who, so dead to feeling,
With no mute pity stealing
Into his heart, at thy distracted sobbing?

(Pro peccatis) To succour man, his creature,
Thy dear One took his nature,
And all the earthly woes it doth inherit;
To judgment He was taken,
Scourged, mocked, denied, forsaken,
And yielded up at length his sinless spirit.

(Eia, mater) Let me in spirit stand
Awhile at thy right hand,
And share, sad mother, every pang with thee;
Let love within me burn
To Christ, till He in turn
Casts one mild look of pitying love on me.

(Sancta...) Lo! to his feet I bring
A worthless offering,
An overfraught heart with sin and suffering
breaking,
Since for our sakes He came
To all this wrong and shame,
Oh, may his pains avail to still its aching!

(Facie veri) Far better, at thy side,
To mourn thee crucified,
Than turn for comfort to a world unthinking;
More safe, with brimming eyes,
To look where Jesus dies,
Though Nature may recoil with painful shrink-
ing.

(Virgo virgi- Virgin, of virgins purest,
num præclara) Despite what thou endurest,
Thy sins, like mine, demand this expiation;
Then, kneeling at his cross,
Count we all gain as loss,
Save what he offers both, in our salvation.

(In die judicii) Many, alas! will say,
In that tremendous day,
When the loud trumpet-call from heaven is
sounding,
"How may we, Virgin! brook
Thy Son's soul-piercing look,
Now at his judgment-seat, with all the world
surrounding?"

† A faithful translation has not been attempted, and the departure from the original towards the conclusion is intentional, the writer preferring to express the sentiments which a Protestant might feel, rather than to paraphrase the Roman Catholic hymn.

(Facie crucem) Kneel we, as now, with thee,
The cross our only plea,
Our shield, the grace his mercy yet supplies;
Then, our loved Master meeting,
How rapturous his greeting,—
"Be ye with me this day in Paradise!"

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Lisbon, June.
THE living literature of Portugal is a very exact representation of her position amongst European nations. It is a broken lyre, which sends forth occasionally a plaintive and melodious tone: its antique strains are instinct with power and grandeur; the present breathes only the short-lived rage of party, the dull plodding of the school-room, or the spirit of servile imitation. There is, in truth, but a small amount of current literature which deserves the name. Beyond *feuilletons* and romances translated from the French, and some half dozen of Walter Scott's novels, (which are now beginning to be made generally known by translation,) there is little to arrest attention. Yet the country of Camoens and of Gil Vicente has proved her poetical capacity in the zenith of her power and greatness, and her literature only shares the decline of her moral and material power. It has burst forth in fitful gusts at each century since the days of Dom Manoel, Rei Felicissimo. For purposes of composition, the Portuguese is one of the noblest languages of Europe. Amongst living Lusitanians there is much wit and imagination; energy and application are the only qualities wanting; and when these are sufficiently aroused, I see no reason to despair of the regeneration of literature. The capabilities of the Portuguese language for poetry are so great, as to make us regret its imperfect cultivation. There are specimens existing of almost every possible species of composition, of every style, and subject, and metre. The Italian *ottava* and *terza rima* flourish here in a congenial soil, and Barreto's translation of the *Æneid* into the former measure is excellent. The sonnet is, to my mind, more perfect in this language than in the Italian; the Portuguese, with all the sweetness of the latter, being much more sounding and majestic. To mention no other name, there are hundreds of sonnets by Bocage, unexcelled in any language. Da Cruz has left a capital adaptation of the Pindaric Odes to the notable deeds of the heroes of Portugal, and besides, a burlesque-heroic poem, 'Hysope,' which in subject and treatment rivals Butler's Hudibras and Boileau's Lutrin. There are excellent imitations of Latin hexameters and pentameters, as well as of the Horatian metres, by Ferreira and others, the proximity of the Portuguese to the Latin facilitating this process, (which in English is an entire failure, and which in German not even the genius of Goethe and Schiller could rescue from monotony), much more than in any other European language. I have examined some unpublished compositions in the different Latin metres, but in the pure vernacular, by living Portuguese *littérateurs*, which have astonished me by their prosodical accuracy, their perfect smoothness, and full body of sound. The erotic poems of Gonzaga, so full of sweetness and elegance, have justly earned for him the title of the Portuguese Anacreon. In J. A. de Macedo we have witnessed, so late as 1831, a powerful and biting satirist, keen as Juvenal, and tremendous as Churchill. I have likewise seen a very passable imitation in Portuguese of our English blank verse. The living literature of Portugal, beyond the sphere of newspapers and periodicals, (of which latter there are none but humble imitations of our penny and sixpenny magazines,) is confined to the occasional translation of some romance, memoir, or work of local (sometimes of general) interest from the English or French, and the adaptation now and then of a successful Parisian drama. The term "adaptation" applies here to scenery and decorations, for in the language nothing more is ever attempted than a literal version. It is curious to observe the prizes which are bestowed upon this cheap outlay of intellect. In a country where writers, of whatever merit, are rarer than black swans, the most paltry performance is naturally regarded with a sort of veneration; the tricks of authorship are not understood, nor the trade of book-making comprehended, and the calumnies of the *genus irritabile* fortunately do not come into play, to strip off the toga, worn so majestically.

tially in the world's eye, and display the rags beneath. Let any Portuguese contrive to put on the stage a one-act translated farce, and he is sure to be complimented by all the journals with the announcement that his piece is written "Em linguagem Portuguesa corrente e casta" (fluent and chaste). Theatrical criticism is unknown, beyond those paid puffs which are the bane of the drama and of literature in all countries, and an occasional contribution from an amateur, which usually smacks so strongly of the green-room, that it had much better be omitted, containing nothing more than a record of individual likings and dislikes. The flattery, however, always greatly preponderates, as in our own provincial "theatrical notices"—thus, "A was astonishing," and "B was bewitching," "C was charming," and "D was delightful." There is an expression which disgusts one at every turn in these notices—*parabéns*, congratulations (more literally, "well done"). The translator gets *parabéns*, the actor gets *parabéns*, the scene-painter gets *parabéns*, the tailors get *parabéns*, the carpenters get *parabéns*, the prompter gets *parabéns*, the call-boy gets *parabéns*! All is *couleur de rose*, laid on in horrible daub. A notion of the sort of *statu quo* which the theatres of Portugal hold, may be deduced from the fact, that the national theatre of Lisbon, which recently failed, has been set upon its legs again by one hundred amateur subscribers of about a guinea each; and that during the holy season of Lent, they were performing those Mysteries which astounded Europe in the dark ages,—Saint Catharine's and Saint Dominic's being still stock pieces in the principal theatre, and "O Diabo" (the Devil), not to mention a whole host of little angels, formally set down, together with our Saviour, amongst the *dramatis persone*!

There is no dearth, however, either of wit or of imagination amongst the people. The Portuguese language contains great elegancies of expression, particularly in diminutives, in which it abounds, eclipsing, in the estimation of many competent persons, the praise accorded by Byron to the Italians. The Portuguese is the true "soft, bastard Latin." Observe, in courtship, the force of these terms of endearment: *maridinho* (little husband), *mulherzinha* (little wife), *noivinha* (little bride), *minha filhinha* (my little daughter), *bemquistinha* (dear little lovely *chère amie*—a literal translation is impossible), *querida almasinha* (darling little soul), from a child to its mother, *mamásinha* (little mamma), *bocadinho* (a little mouthful, a taste), *innocentinho* (a babe), &c. There is a tenderness and an abandon in all this, which confounds our northern understandings. The most curious instance of an endearing diminutive which is to be found, perhaps, in any language, is the following, which is not uncommon in Portugal:—"Então a saudesinha, como, sai?" (How goes your little health?) In expressions of chivalrous attachment to the fair sex the Portuguese abounds, and of these the force and harmony is inimitable. Take as an example, *encantadora donzella* (bewitching lady). But the prettiest of all these forms of expression, is the affectionate salutation at parting:—*adeosinho*! (a little farewell—a tender adieu). You will see great brown-visaged military men, bearded like the pard, or like Dom Pedro, (who made a vow never to shave during the whole war of succession, until his daughter was righted), murmuring forth this exquisite word at parting as freely as they kiss at meeting.

It must at the same time be confessed that the language of the Western Peninsula possesses all the southern coarseness and indelicacy. "A barriga da perna" (the belly of the leg); such is the Portuguese homely form of expression for that which in English is not much less homely, "the calf." This same word *barriga* is the basis of a score of their idioms, and their familiar phrase for the French term *enceinte*, and the English "in the family way," is "a barriga na boca" (her paunch in her mouth!) "True," said a Portuguese man of letters, to whom we lately made the objection, "but we are not without compensations in certain elegancies of expression, unknown to your colder northern tongues. Thus, the Portuguese gallant celebrates the praises of his mistress's 'pequeno d'amor,' coldly rendered by 'lovely little foot,' and worships with his eye what you would term her 'instep,' but which he in more romantic language familiarly describes as her 'garganta de pé' (the bosom of her foot!)"

The *laissez aller* of the Portuguese is well illustrated by the wretched state in which they suffer their fine language to lie. Of all the children of the Latin this appears to be the healthiest, most vigorous, and, if justice were done to it, most lovely. Yet it is pronounced by these people in a manner so coarse, guttural, and inelegant, as to appear to the ear one of the rudest languages upon earth; and its orthography, even in the nineteenth century, is totally unsettled.—j's and g's, c's and s's, b's and v's are printed indiscriminately for each other; and letters written by the best bred Portuguese are regular orthographical curiosities. Thus one man writes the word "act" or "deed," in law, *auto*, another writes it *acto*, a third *aucto*; and, not to depart from the same initial letter and root, professional scribblers and book-makers are by some written down *author*, by others *autor*, by others again *autor*, and by perhaps an equal number *autor*! Even so familiar a word as "community" is as often written *commudidade* as *communiade*; and "wood" is indifferently written *pa*, or *pao*, or *pan*. There is no standard whatever, no attempt at regulation. The great blemish of the Portuguese is the horrible nasal sound of the far too general termination "ão." To illustrate this, I will record a short dialogue with a donkey-driver at Cintra:—"Como gosta V. S. os burros?" said the man. (How do you like the donkeys?) "Não são tão maôs," (they are not so bad,)—was the reply,—a reduplication of the nasal twang, which I felt to be abominable. Of the scandalous state of Portuguese orthography take the word "salad" as a specimen. You may find it written *sallada*, or *selada*, or *salada*, or *sellada*, or *sallada*, or *sellada*, or *salada*, or *cellada*, or *callada*, or *calada*, or *cellada*, or *callada*, or *cellada*, or *calada*, or *sillada*, or *cellada*, or *silada*, or *sillada*, or *cellada*, or *sillada*, or *cellada*; in fact, more ways than a Frenchman could find of dressing it.

Yet, faulty and intolerable as all this is, the Portuguese is still the most legitimate of all the Latin offsprings. Its close resemblance to the parent stock may be judged from the following ingenious eulogium, composed by M. Severim de Faria, which may be read at will, either as Portuguese or as Latin:—"O quam gloriosas memorias publico, considerando quanto vales, nobilissima lingua Lusitana, cum tua facundia excessivamente nos provocas, excitas, inflammas! Quam altas victorias procuras, quam celebres triumphos speras, quam excellentes fabricas fundas, quam perversas furias castigas, quam feroces insolencias rigorosamente domas, manifestando de prosa e de metro tantas elegancias Latinas!"

The late movement in favour of the Restoration of the Charter, has given no small stimulus to the poetical genius of Portugal, from which, if directed into less partial and local channels, we may augur, with the improved prospects of the nation, a better literary era. From a vast number of sonnets commemorative of these events, I extract half-a-dozen, which I translate literally, annexing the original words, that your readers may judge at once of the capabilities of the language and the ingenuity of the people:—

Avante, General, immortal glória
Não se consegue sem trabalho e custo;
A justiça clamou, e o Ceo, que é justo,
Ja te prepara os louros da vitória.

Essa heroica Cidade, que na História
Se vê superior a medo e a furto,
Um facto criminoso, um acto injusto
Destroa, por outro digno de memória.

Pedro, que ha tempos cobre a campã fria,
Que dentro nos saudosamente o aparta,
Da nosa ingratitude se resenta.

Embora contra nós o mundo parta!
Avante, General, nesta porfia
Nada mais queremos que Maria e Carta.

Onward, brave General! Immortal glory
Falls not on man without both cost and toil.
Justice hath called aloud; responsive Heaven
E'en now prepares for thee victorious laurels!
The Heroic City, which in History's page
Will shine triumphant over fear and surprise,
Hath crushed an act unjust, an act of crime:
Oh deed, deserving deathless memory!
Pedro, who long hath lain under the cold grave-stone,
That from us separates his longing arms,
Was deeply stung by our ingratitude;
But now, though all the world against us rise,
Onward, brave General! In this great strife
We draw the sword for Charter and for Queen!

O Porto heroico, o Porto, essa Cidade
Que a Usurpação mil vezes repelliu,
Altamente bradou, e o Reino ouviu
A linguagem da honra e da verdade.

Portugal da hum' outra extremidade
Pela voz da razão se reuniu;
E a Rainha do Throno, a que subiu,
Sustenta o esplendor e a magestade.

Raizou segunda vez do Throno Augusto
O Lusitano Codigno sagrado,
Que Pedro sustentou a todo o custo.

Cumpria ao Porto dar primeiro o brado,
Honrando ao Coração forte e robusto
Que Pedro lhe deixou, como em legado.

Heroic Porto! Porto which repelled
A thousand times the usurper's bold advance,
Hath loudly called, and in that stirring voice
Heard the wide kingdom words of truth and honour.
From mountain height to shore, from end to end,
At valour's call hath Portugal arisen,
And of her ancient throne our Queen beloved
The splendour and the majesty sustains.
Once more triumphantly from sphere august,
Descends the sacred Lusitanian code.
Which Pedro championed, for which Pedro bled!
'Twas meet that Porto first should raise the cry,
In honour of the brave and feeling heart
Which Pedro left it as a legacy.

Dimperios fundador! Homem portento,
Que cedeste deus Sceptros d'empunhaste! ...
Rei amigo, que amigos nos chamaste,
Que és do ti mesmo eterno monumento!

Oh! n'esse, para nós, fatal momento
Em que ao pézo da glória Te acurvaste,
Ao Porto o egregio Coração Legaste,
E o Porto comprehendeu Teu pensamento! ...

Sim, de Teu Coração parte mimosa
Era o Codigno Saneto, que a Anarchia
Roubou-nos partendeu com mão dolosa!

Mas o Porto acordou da lethargia! ...
Vindicou Tua Dádiva extrema,
Salvou, mais uma vez, a Monarchia!

Founder of Empires! Great and wondrous man,
Who from thy mighty grasp didst freely forth
Two sceptres yield, king-friend, who call'dst us "friend,"
Whose memory "is an eternal monument!"
Oh, in that sad (for us) and fatal hour,
When bowed thy head "deathly grief's" weight in death,
Thy peerless heart to Porto thou didst leave,
And Porto well divin'd thy noble thought!
Yes; of thy bosom's core a darling part
Was that all-sacred Code which anarchy
Hath striven to purloin with crafty hand!
But Porto, from her lethargy roused,
Hath vindicated thus thy latest gift,
And saved once more the wounded monarchy!

Evangelho de paz e liberdade,
De concordia penhor, não de vingança! ...
Archa Santa, de civica Alliança,
Triumphante Pendão da Lealdade!

Tu, que em Terras d'exílio, e soledade
Tao meiga alevantavas nosa esp'rança! ...
Que nos sorris, Iris de bonança,
Em meio da horrorosa tempestade!

Carta! De um Semideos aureo presente!
Ah! nunca mais, a Intriga traçoceira,
Do peito ha de arrancar-te a Luis gente! ...

Hoje, defende-te a Nação inteira;
E vêa os Fados teus Cabral potente,
E o sempre invicto Duque da Terceira.

Message of liberty and peace to men!
Of concord, not of vengeance, ceaseless pledge;
Thrice holy ark of paternal alliance,
Victorious banner of true loyalty!
Thou who in evil and in solitude
Enlivenedst our wan and meagre hope,
Smiling, an Iris still portending calm,
In very midst of horrid storm and tempest;
Charter, of Demigod the golden gift!
Oh, never more shall traitorous intrigue
Tear thee from out the Lusitanian's breast!
Behold, the nation all uproused defends thee,
While watches o'er thy destiny Cabral,
And guards thee with unconquered arm Terceira!

Estás salva, Rainha! estás vingada!
Este povo leal e valoroso
Juramento de preito respeitoso
Prestou sobre valente invicta Spada.

A voz do teu ministro alevantada
Echoou ante o Tumulo saudosos
Q'cerra esse dom tão precioso,
Essa faixa de Pedro a nós legada.

Foi feito o juramento e de valia!
Foi dado a Deos, a Spada ennobrecida
Que luziu entre nós e nos foi guia.

Jurando sobre a Spada esclarecida
A mão no fogo o Porto juraria
Por a Carta, e por ti, dar sangue e vida.

My Queen, thou'rt safe! My Queen thou art avenged!
Thy people, filled with valorous loyalty,
Upon the mighty and unconquered sword
Have sworn an oath of homage and of love.

The voice of thy true servant, loudly raised,
Hath far resounded o'er the sacred tomb
Enclosing Pedro's priceless legacy.
Strung was the oath, and lastingly it bound us!
'Twas given to God, and to the noble sword
Which shone before us oft, a meteor-guide!
And swearing on that thrice-illustrious sword,
Girded for battle Porto vowed for thee,
And for the Charter joyfully to die!

Nas praias do Mindêlo allevantado
Foi da Carta e Rainha o estandarte,
O pendão que venceu por toda a parte
Foi por mão vigorosa ali plantado.

Ingratos, povo rude allucinado,
Derão cabo do regio baluarte,
Com peitas traicoeiras, com vil arte
Rasgáráo esse Código sagrado!

Inda bem que seus planos baqueirão!
Um Terceira, um Cabral a nossa frente
As desditas de Lysia termináráo!

Honra a elles; e lembrado eternamente
Seja o feito leal que praticáráo!
Dous heroes, qual melhor, mais excellente!

Upon Mindelo's fateful shore was raised
The standard of the Charter and the Queen.
A vigorous hand the banner planted there,
Which ne'er was furled till o'er all foes triumphant.
A horde of ingrates, rude and ignorant,
Destroyed the royal bulwark: vilest acts
And traitorous bribes uprose the sacred code.
Ha! all their villain projects strew the ground!
Terceira and Cabral have led our van,
Ending, as if by magic, all mishaps.
Be honour then to both, and aye remembered
This matchless act of loyalty and love!

THE ECLIPSE.

(Suggested by the letter from Pavia, which appeared in the
Athenæum, No. 769.)

WATCHERS are on the earth, and o'er the sky
Strange darkness gathers like a funeral pall,
Shrouding the summer day, while stars that lie
Far in the depth of heaven rekindle all
Their faded fires—but where is now the Sun
That rose so glorious on the Alps to-day?
Methinks his journey short and early done.
Not thus his wont to leave fair Italy!
Not thus so near the skirts of rosy June!
Why is the midnight come before the noon?
Night, but not silence—for old Pavia speaks,
As with the voice of forgotten years,
When Victory was hers,—what now awakes
Such music in the fallen land of fears?
Is it some ancient echo in her heart
Surviving Roman power and Gothic gold—
Or glorious dream, that might not all depart
The memory of brave battles won of old—
That wakes the pealing of that joyous cheer
Which the far mountains answer deeply clear?
Or hath the gathered City's mighty voice
The Queen of Night amid her trophies hailed
As conqueror of the Sun?—could she rejoice
To see the splendour of his presence veiled,
Who walked the heavens in unshared majesty
Since Time was born, the brightest and the first
Of thousand gods, still glorious on his way
As when through ancient Night his chariot burst,
And swept the circuit of these cloudless skies,
That yet heard only starry harmonies?—
Not so rejoiced the Grecian legions, led
By great Iskander to the Persian shore;
Not so Cæcopia's host. But days of dread
Are past,—the twilight of the world is o'er,
With all its shadows; Pavia, from thy walls
We hear the spirit of our brighter days
Proclaim to Alpine huts and Roman halls
The morn that met the sage or prophet's gaze
Through the far dimness of that long eclipse
Whose mighty darkness sealed great Galileo's lips.
Stranorlar. FRANCES BROWN.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL 'ON CERTAIN PHOTOGRAPHIC EFFECTS.'

Collingwood, August 10, 1842.

IN your Report of the proceedings of the Royal Society in their meeting of June 9 (No. 771), an analysis is given of my paper 'On the Action of the Rays of the Solar Spectrum on Vegetable Colours,' &c., in which two separate and distinct processes are confounded together into one, to the destruction of the photographic effects of both. As both are likely to prove interesting to those who are engaged in these inquiries, I will here describe them as briefly as I can.

I shall begin with that of the *Chrysotype*, a name I was at one time about to reject, the active principle being, in the first instance, not gold but iron; but the great beauty of the results, the facility of the manipulations, and some other reasons, have decided me to retain it, as identifying this peculiar application of a more general and fertile principle. The preparation of the chrysotype paper is as follows: dissolve 100 grains of crystallized ammonio-citrate of iron in 900 grains of water, and wash over with a soft brush, with this solution, any thin, smooth, even-textured paper. Dry it, and it is ready for use.

On this paper a photographic image is very readily impressed: but it is extremely faint, and in many cases quite invisible. To bring out the dormant picture, it must be washed over with a solution of gold in nitro-muriatic acid, exactly neutralized with soda, and so dilute as to be not darker in colour than sherry wine. Immediately the picture appears, but not at first of its full intensity, which requires about a minute or a minute and a half to attain (though, indeed, it continues slowly to darken for a much longer time, but with a loss of distinctness). When satisfied with the effect, it must be rinsed well two or three times in water (renewing the water), and dried.

In this state it is half fixed. To fix it completely, pass over it a weak solution of hydriodate of potash, let it rest a minute or two (especially if the lights are much discoloured by this wash), then throw it into pure water till all such discolouration is removed. Dry it, and it is thenceforward unchangeable in the strongest lights, and (apparently) by all other agents which do not destroy the paper.

The other process is as follows: mix together equal parts of the solution of the above-named salt, and of a saturated solution of, not the ferrosesqueiyate of potash (as stated in the *Athenæum*), but the common yellow ferrocyanate, or as it is called, prussiate of potash. The result is a very black ink, which, washed over paper, gives it a deep violet-purple colour, and is remarkably sensitive to light—whitening rapidly, and giving positive pictures—the only defect of which (and it is a fatal one for use) is their want of durability, as they fade with darkness in a few hours. And what is very singular, the same paper is again and again susceptible of receiving another and another picture, which die away in like manner without any possibility, so far as I have yet discovered, of arresting them.

I take this opportunity to mention, that I have recently (during the continuance of this unexampled fine weather) had the good fortune to fall upon many other, and some of them exceedingly remarkable and interesting, photographic processes, the details of which will more properly find their place elsewhere. Allow me also to add, that in your Report of the proceedings of the British Association, one of my processes in vegetable photography is also misstated, where it is said, that I produced to Section A. a paper stained with a vegetable juice, containing a picture invisible, but capable of being brought out by the stimulus of red light. The paper in question (stained with the juice of the *Papaver orientale*, or orange-coloured single poppy, crushed with spirits of wine) is colourless, and is capable of receiving (with extreme slowness) a picture, such as the copy of an engraving, &c. which is totally invisible, and may be kept in that state any length of time. The picture may then be brought out by exposure, not to red light, but to the vapour of muriatic acid. It then appears of a vivid red colour; but if put aside for a month or two it fades again, and becomes invisible, but may be recovered by the same acid vapour; and so on, fading and reviving alternately.

I have the honour to be, &c.

J. F. W. HERSCHEL.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

WE have just received the Report of the Commissioners on the Fine Arts, and submit it at once to our readers:—

"To the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty.

"We, the Commissioners appointed by Your Majesty for the purpose of inquiring whether advantage might not be taken of the rebuilding of Your Majesty's Palace at Westminster wherein Your Majesty's Parliament is wont to assemble, for the purpose of promoting and encouraging the Fine Arts

in Your Majesty's United Kingdom, and in what manner an object of so much importance might be most effectually promoted, humbly report to Your Majesty that we have taken into our consideration the matters referred to us, and have given due attention to the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons in 1841 on the Fine Arts, together with the opinions of various other competent persons on questions relating to the special objects for which the present Commission was appointed, and have consulted the Architect as to the manner in which various kinds of internal decoration would affect his intended architectural arrangements; and we beg now to report our opinion that it would be expedient that advantage should be taken of the rebuilding of the Houses of Parliament for the purpose of promoting and encouraging the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom.

"Having thus come to an opinion on the first point to which our inquiry was directed, we have, in conformity with the instructions contained in our Commission, proceeded to consider in what manner the above-mentioned purpose could best be accomplished. With this view we have in the first place directed our attention to the question whether it would be expedient that Fresco-painting should be employed in the decoration of the New Houses of Parliament, but we have not yet been able to satisfy ourselves that the art of Fresco-painting has hitherto been sufficiently cultivated in this country to justify us in at once recommending that it should be so employed. In order, however, to assist us in forming a judgment on this matter we propose that artists should be invited to enter into a competition in Cartoons, and we have prepared the draft of an announcement on this subject offering premiums of public money, to which we request the sanction of Your Majesty.

"In framing this announcement we have felt that although the competition which we at present wish to invite has reference chiefly to Fresco-painting, yet if we were to confine our notice entirely to that method of painting, an inference might be drawn therefrom that we intended to recommend its exclusive adoption for the decoration of the New Buildings. We have, therefore, inserted in our announcement paragraphs intended to explain that the future attention of the Commission will be directed to the best mode of selecting for employment artists skilled in Oil-painting and in Sculpture, and that due consideration will be given to other methods and departments of Art applicable to decoration generally.

"We humbly subjoin as an Appendix to this Report some papers treating in detail various considerations connected with the subject of our Inquiry.

"ALBERT—LYNDHURST—SUTHERLAND—LANS-
DOWNE—LINCOLN—ABERDEEN—J. RUSSELL
—F. EGERTON—PALMERSTON—MELBOURNE
—COLBORNE—CHARLES SHAW LEEFREVRE
—ROBERT PEEL—J. R. G. GRAHAM—ROBERT
HARRY INGLIS—HENRY GALLY KNIGHT—
B. HAWES, JUN.—HENRY HALLAM—S. RO-
GERS—GEORGE VIVIAN—THOMAS WYSE.

"Gwydyr House, Whitehall,

"April 22, 1842."

All that is of interest is, of course, contained in the Appendix, which includes an able summary of the general objects of the Commission, considered in relation to the State and Prospects of the English School of Painting, by Mr. Eastlake—the Statements of Cornelius, relating to the proposed Decoration of the Houses of Parliament—Communications on Fresco-Painting, from Professor Hess, of Munich, the Messrs. Wilson, and others—Methods of Fresco-Painting, &c. As the subject is one of engrossing interest, both to the artists and the public, we shall next week give a double number, to contain the whole, and thus circulate at once throughout the kingdom what is of interest to all.

The pictures selected by the holders of the Art-Union prizes are now in course of exhibition, and offer a very comprehensive text to any one who desires to write a treatise on the state and prospects of Painting in this country. This, on different occasions, the *Athenæum* has done: so that we may be excused from commenting on the few facts, the statement of which may interest our readers. The prize of 400*l.* has been expended on Mr. Martin's 'Flight into Egypt'; 300*l.* has been given for Mr. C. Landseer's

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'Escape of Charles II. from Bentley'; 200l. for Mr. Stone's 'Charles II. and the Infanta'; the same sum for Mr. M'Innes' 'Money Lender.' Mr. Cope's 'Board Day,' and Mr. Severn's 'Italian Widow,' have also been claimed, the one for 100l., the other for 80l. (20l. short of the price paid). These are the pictures of most pretension among two hundred and sixty-nine prizes!

The United States *Literary Advertiser* announces as forthcoming, 'The Letters or Dispatches of Hernando Cortes, the Conqueror of Mexico, written during the conquest, and addressed to the Emperor, Charles V., translated from the original Spanish, with Notes, and Illustrations,' by George Folsom.

The most noticeable sign during the current week, with reference to Music, has been the prize of 10l. offered by the Drury Lane management to the English composer who shall best set the song of Hymen, in the last scene of 'As You Like It.' That this step has originated in a desire to encourage native talent, it were injustice to doubt: but is it not calculated rather to humiliate than to cherish ambition? Are there no recognized composers worthy to be intrusted with Shakespeare's words? Our opinions of English creative talent is less exalted than that of some contemporary critics: but still we do not forget Mr. Bishop's elegant compositions to Shakespeare's words, his duet, 'Orpheus with his lute,' and his canzonet, 'By the simplicity,' especially to be commemorated with gratitude. Neither can we overlook the fact, that since Mr. Bishop's retirement from the stage, Messrs. Barnett, and E. Loder, and Hullah, and Rooke, and Macfarren, have each of them produced operas (we pass Mr. Balfe, because he has not an atom of nationality in his compositions,) so far successful as to have justified the proffer of the commission to any one of the company. The mistake in question is the more important, because the words themselves are not peculiarly inspiring, and demand more than the usual self-possession and experience required of him who would grapple with one of Shakespeare's songs. While talking of theatres we may mention, that 'King Arthur' is spoken of as one of the principal novelties at Drury Lane; to say nothing of sundry new plays;—and that 'Semiramis' will probably be the first operative novelty at Covent Garden, the opening of which theatre is immediately at hand. It is said, too, that there is a good chance of Miss C. Norello making her appearance there, shortly after Miss Kemble's retirement.—Meanwhile the Parisians have been enjoying the revival of Boieldieu's graceful 'Petit Chaperon Rouge' at their *Opéra Comique*;—while for the hundredth time it is asserted, that the parts of Meyerbeer's long talked of opera, 'Le Prophète,' have been distributed, preparatory to the rehearsals of that work, which, should the news be true, may accordingly be looked for somewhere about the Carnival of 1843.

A monument is about to be erected, in the Church of Saint-Pierre, in Toulouse, to one of those great civil heroes and benefactors whom men had not time to remember during the reign of the sword. In the scene of his useful labours, and amid the populations whom they have enriched, the very grave of Riquet, who projected and executed the great *Canal de Languedoc*—or, as the French of that day called it, the Canal of the Two Seas—merging therein his own splendid fortune—had to be sought out, for this tardy homage. The persevering search of his descendant, the Prince de Chimay (himself occupied in promoting the arts of peace and civilization) has, at length, succeeded in discovering the remains of his illustrious ancestor, in the church of Saint Peter; and Toulouse will have the merit of paying to her great citizen the first instalment of that long debt of posthumous honour, which is due to him from all the towns of the South.—The monument to Molière, too, we observe by the Paris papers, is rapidly progressing,—the *façade* being nearly finished, and the pediment, pilasters, capitals, and all the ornaments on the base, entirely sculptured.

We learn, from Heidelberg, that a Herr Geofroi M. Uhde, who has spent twenty-three years in Mexico, wholly engaged in historic and archaeological researches, has recently arrived in that town, with a rich collection of Mexican Antiquities—arms, armour, fishing implements, implements of the chase, and of various trades, agricultural and musical instruments, vases, cups, lamps, engraved stones, sculptured

figures, models of houses and boats, female ornaments in gold and silver, &c.—and including some valuable additions to the mass of evidence which goes to establish the ancient relations of the other continents with "that new world which is the old." Amongst these, the most remarkable is a series of fifty-two vases, in baked clay, from a foot to a foot and a half in height, greatly resembling the Etruscan vases, and covered with a strange mixture of figures representing Divinities, Greek, Roman, Egyptian, and Indian. The graven stones, the subjects of which are, for the most part, birds, insects, and flowers, show, it is said, that the art of engraving had reached a high degree of perfection amongst the ancient Mexicans. The female ornaments, though rude in form, are of very delicate execution, "scarcely inferior, in that respect, to the best English and French productions, of their class." The collection contains, also, two xylographic plates, similar to those from which the Chinese print their books, but of which the characters are, unfortunately, injured, and some of them nearly effaced,—and an illustrated manuscript, in Mexican characters, on a sort of pasteboard, about the thickness of the finger. Of these objects, Herr Uhde is engaged in preparing a digested catalogue, for publication.

CLOSING OF THE PRESENT EXHIBITION.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PAUL-MALL.

The Gallery, with the WORKS of the late SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A., and a selection of PICTURES by ANCIENT MASTERS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning till Six in the Evening; and will be CLOSED on SATURDAY, the 27th inst.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue 1s. WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.

The TWO PICTURES, now exhibiting, represent THE VILLAGE OF ALAGNA, in Piedmont, destroyed by an Avalanche, painted by M. BOUROS; and THE SHRINE OF THE NATIVITY, at Bethlechem, painted by M. RENOUX, from a sketch made on the spot by D. ROBERTS, R.A., in 1839. Both Pictures exhibit various effects of light and shade. Open from Ten till Five.

AFGHANISTAN.—NOW OPEN, PANORAMA, Leicester-square, a comprehensive and interesting view OF CABUL, including every object of interest in the city, the Bala Hisar, the river Cabul, with a distant view of the Himalaya Mountains and the Pass of Khurd Cabul, where the British army was so treacherously destroyed. The whole illustrated by numerous groups of figures descriptive of the manners of the Afghanees. The Views of the Battle of Waterloo and of Jerusalem, remain open.

THE CHINESE COLLECTION, St. George's-place, Hyde Park-corner.—This splendid Collection, consisting of objects exclusively Chinese, surpassing in extent and grandeur any similar display in the world, entirely filling the spacious gallery, 225 feet in length, by 50 feet in width, embracing upwards of fifty figures as large as life, all fac-similes, in groups in their native costumes, from the highest mandarin to the blind mendicant in his patched garment; also many thousand specimens, both in natural history and miscellaneous curiosities, illustrating the appearance, manners, and customs of more than three hundred million Chinese, respecting whom the nations of Europe have had scarcely any opportunity of judging, is NOW OPEN for PUBLIC INSPECTION, from Ten in the Morning till Ten at Night. Admission, 2s. 6d.; Children 1s.

FINE ARTS

Plans, Elevations, Sections, and Details of the Alhambra, from Drawings by the late M. Jules Goury, and Owen Jones, Architect; with a Translation of the Arabic Inscriptions, and an Historical Notice of the Kings of Granada, from the Conquest of that City by the Arabs to the Expulsion of the Moors, by Pasqual de Gayangos.

THIS interesting and important work is now complete, and Mr. Owen Jones has done wisely in availing himself of the assistance of so able an Arabic scholar as Mr. Gayangos; thus perfecting it by an historical notice of the Arabs during their residence in Spain. But, as the object and character of the work is essentially architectural, we shall confine ourselves to a general notice of the building, and such of the inscriptions as tend to elucidate the peculiar character of this masterpiece of Mohammedan architecture.

The Alhambra is believed to have been commenced by the Sultan Ibnu-l-Ahmar, about the middle of the thirteenth century. His son, Mohammed II., described by Mohammedan writers as a lover of literature, which he cultivated with success, continued the building which his father had left unfinished. Which parts of this splendid edifice are to be assigned to the father, the son, or their successors, the Mohammedan writers do not inform us. Mohammed III. (considered by Mohammedan historians as the ablest monarch of his race) also made some additions to the palace, and erected a magnificent mosque, which remained in good preservation, until the occupation of Granada by the French troops, when it was entirely destroyed. The following description of it is quoted by Mr. Gayangos from the Mohammedan historians, and it is interesting in Moorish architecture:—

"Among the commendable actions of this sovereign, one was the building of a splendid mosque, within the precincts of the Alhambra. This he ornamented with mosaic work, and exquisite tracery of the most beautiful and intricate patterns, intermixed with silver flowers and graceful arches, supported by innumerable pillars of the finest polished marble. Indeed, what with the solidity of the structure, the elegance of the design, and the beauty of the proportions, I do not hesitate to say, that this building has not its like in this country, and I have frequently heard our best architects say, that they had never seen a building to be compared to it."

Additions were subsequently and from time to time made to the palace, but it is to Yusuf I., who ascended the throne in 1333, that the Alhambra owes most of its splendour:—

"He not only constructed the gates of the Justicia, and the Vano, leading to the magnificent palace, as appears from the inscriptions over their respective archways; but must also have built and decorated many of the interior apartments; his name frequently occurs in the Hall of the Sisters in the Baños, in the court of the Fish Pond, and in the Hall of the Ambassadors. So vast were his revenues, a considerable portion of which he expended on various buildings for the ornament of his capital, that, like his contemporary Alfonso the Learned, he was reputed to owe his riches to the transmutation of metals, the source of the vast treasures lavished on the Alhambra being otherwise incomprehensible to simple minds."

Ibnu-l-khatieb says, that the expenses of this monarch exceeded all bounds of calculation. Yusuf also built a college in which the sciences were publicly taught to every class of his subjects, by the most eminent professors.

"This good king reformed the administration, promulgated a new code of laws, established a vigilant police, encouraged agriculture and trade, and induced workmen and artists from other Mohammedan countries to settle in his dominions. Never was Granada so prosperous or so fully populated as under his reign, which was mostly at peace with his Christian neighbours." His son Mohammed (1353) inherited the fortune and abilities of his father; and completed the magnificent buildings which he had begun.

The history of the Spanish Arabs is continued by Mr. Gayangos to the time when Granada was yielded to Ferdinand and Isabella—and to the subsequent fanatical persecution; but we have few further notices of the Alhambra, until the time when Charles V. pulled down a part of it, to make room for his new palace.

The Alhambra must ever remain a subject of great interest to our artists, and to all who are conversant with the history of the Arabs, and aware of the debt of gratitude we owe to them for the encouragement and preservation of the arts and sciences during so many dark, troubled, and barbarous centuries. It is an existing evidence of refinement and luxury, in strange contrast with the rudeness of contemporary civilization. The inscriptions which adorn its walls go far to prove the enthusiastic love of beauty which prevailed among that people, and the pleasure they derived from works of art. Mr. Owen Jones, with the untiring devotion to his art, of which the elaborate beauty of every page of his work offers proof, took casts of all the inscriptions, which Mr. Gayangos has now translated. He divides them into three classes: first, sentences from the Koran; secondly, devout sentences, not taken from the Koran; and thirdly, poems in praise of the builders of the palace. "Those belonging to the first class are often so shaped as to present an uniform appearance on both sides, and make the inscription readable from the right to the left, and *vice versa*, or upwards and downwards. The long poems are all written, without exception, in the African hand, with such care and attention that no letter is ever wanting in its diacritical points, and the vowels and grammatical signs are likewise inserted. They are probably the composition of poets who lived at the court of Granada." Those most frequently found are short pious exclamations, such as—

"Praise to God!—his is the power.

"Thanks to God!—his is the majesty,

"Durability is God's!—and there is no conqueror but God. Blessing."

"There is no help but from God: the illustrious, the omnipotent God is our refuge in every trouble."

"By the sun and its rising brightness; by the moon when she followeth him; by the day when he sheweth his splendour; by the night when it covereth him with darkness; by the heaven and Him who built it; by the earth and Him who spread it forth; by the soul and Him who completely formed it, and inspired into it wickedness or piety. There is no deity but Allah."

In other places are inscriptions in honour of the Sultans; and inscriptions constantly occur, which make the peculiar feature or use of the architecture suggest reflections. Thus, in a niche, in an elaborate archway, where a vase or water-cooler was placed, we find—

"I am like the nuptial array of a bride endowed with beauty and perfection.—If not so, look at this vase, and thou wilt easily understand the truth of my assertion.—Thou mayest imagine the vase within to be like a devout man, always standing to perform his prayers."

The following inscription round the recess for the throne in the Hall of the Ambassadors, alludes not only to the object of the recess, but to the peculiar plan of this part of the building:—

"From me thou art welcomed every morning and evening, with the tongues of blessings, prosperity, happiness, and friendship. This is the elevated dome, and we, the several recesses, her daughters—yet I possess excellence and dignity above all those of my race. Surely members are we of the same body, but I am like the heart in the midst of them, and from the heart springs energy and life."

The poets very often allude to the beauties of the building. The following enthusiastic praises are found in the Hall of the Two Sisters:—"I am the garden, and every morning do I appear decked out in beauty—look attentively at my elegance, and thou shalt reap the benefit of a commentary of decoration.—For, by Allah, the elegant buildings by which I am surrounded certainly surpass all other buildings in the propitious omens attending their foundation.—How many prospects do I unfold! How many objects in contemplation of which a highly gifted mind finds the gratification of its utmost wishes.—Here is the wonderful cupola, at sight of whose beautiful proportions all others vanish and disappear."

A vase is addressed—

"Every art has gifted me with its elegance—nay, has given me all its splendour and perfection."

These Inscriptions are formed in the most beautiful characters, and ornament every part of the building. They are found in medallions, on string-courses round the square lines inclosing the arches, on the capitals, in fact, everywhere, and united with foliage of the most varied character. The following poem runs round the margin of the fountain in the Court of the Lions, and serves to illustrate the feelings which produced the architecture, and is the best commentary on it:—

"Blessed be He who gave the Imam Mahommed a mansion which in beauty exceeds all other mansions.—And if not so, here is the garden containing wonders of art, the like of which God forbids to be elsewhere found.—Look at this mass of pearl glistening all around, and spreading through the air, its shower of prismatic bubbles, which falls within a circle of silvery froth, and then flows amid other jewels, surpassing everything in beauty, nay, exceeding the marble itself in whiteness and transparency.—To look at this basin one would imagine it to be a mass of solid ice, and the water to melt from it—yet it is impossible to say which of the two is really flowing.—Seest thou not how the water from above flows on the surface, notwithstanding the current underneath strives to oppose its progress.—Like a lover whose eyelids are pregnant with tears, but who suppresses them for fear of an informer.—For truly, what is this fountain but a beneficent cloud, pouring out its abundant supplies on the lions underneath.—Like the hands of the Khalif when he rises in the morning to distribute plentiful rewards to his soldiers, the lions of war.—O thou who beholdest these lions crouching, fear not; life is wanting to them, to enable them to show their fury. And O thou heir of the Anasâr, to thee, as the most illustrious offspring of a

collateral branch, belongs that ancestral pride which makes thee look with contempt on the Kings of all other countries.—May the blessings of God for ever be with thee. May He make thy subjects obedient to thy rule—and grant thee victory over thy enemies!"

Would that the reader could now turn with us to the gorgeously illustrated work itself. He would there find that the beauties of this celebrated palace, even in its present dismantled state, equal in richness and in elegance the wildest dreams of Oriental luxury, and surpass all that these Arab poets could suggest. The open courts, inclosing gardens and fountains, surrounded by arcades or verandahs of richly elaborated pierced work, supported on a multitude of slender marble columns, admit the cooling breeze, while they exclude the direct sun-light. The walls are partly covered with mosaic work of coloured porcelain, and partly incrustured with cement work, in patterns of the most intricate variety, enriched with a profusion of gold and fine colours: the ceilings of the most complicated construction, sometimes vaulted like grottoes, with pendant stalactites of every colour, sometimes inlaid with geometrical patterns and foliages—the graceful contours of the arches—the richness and perfection of every detail, and the endless variety to be found in the various apartments of this most enchanting palace—fill the beholder with wonder and delight.

We have from time to time noticed the Parts of this work as it proceeded, and can hardly add to our former praise. It is the most perfectly illustrated architectural work we have seen. The engravings can scarcely be surpassed, nor have any been before attempted on so large a scale, and of so laborious a character. The details, which are numerous, are drawn on stone, and printed in gold and colours by Mr. O. Jones himself, and we need no further warrant for their truth and perfection.

As a practical work for the study of internal decoration, this volume is of the utmost value. The Mohammedan artists, prevented by their religion from attempting the highest development of the Fine Arts, and restricted therefore to the humbler sphere of ornamental decoration, with admirable skill perfected a style, harmonious in every part, without having recourse to the direct imitation of Nature. The intricacy of their combinations in geometrical patterns and fret-work is quite extraordinary, and we are indebted to Mr. Jones for the explanation he has given of the simple mode of construction by which they obtained these infinite varieties, and also the principle of their wonderful pendant ceilings. The harmony of the colouring is another subject which deserves especial attention, from the great simplicity of the means employed. Gold, vermillion, and ultramarine, are generally used; green and yellow are found only in the mosaic porcelain work; black and white are sparingly introduced. The different colours are always used in the same intensity. There are no half or neutral tints; all the colours are beautifully harmonized, as in the richest embroidery, by the minute division and intricacy of the patterns, woven, as it were, one into the other. We have clearness and brilliancy when we examine the design in detail; although at a little distance the colours blend with each other in a rich harmony. The foliage is graceful in all its varied involutions, and whether the design be simple or complex; as when two or more planes of decorative foliage are used one above the other. But as no description can convey an idea of the beauties of this work, we must be content to recommend it to our readers by acknowledging the great pleasure we have ourselves derived from its examination.

Mr. Jones is now publishing a separate work on the details of the Alhambra, of which the first number is before us. The examples therein given are not included in the former work, and are printed in colours on a larger scale, but with the same care and beauty.

MISCELLANEA

Queen Anne Boleyn.—One of the daily papers having given extracts from the Third Record Report, just published, relative to the "Baga de Secretis," and called attention by a separate paragraph to the proceedings connected with Queen Anne Boleyn, I am induced to say that this "Baga de Secretis" was always known to be in existence, and an ac-

count thereof (though not in detail) appears in the Record Commission Report of 1800, pages 114 and 118, and Mr. Templar, of the Crown Office, recommended a catalogue to be made, which subsequently was done, and is now, I believe, at the Rolls House. It is not my intention to enter into any controversy; but thus much I may say, there is nothing new in this last Report (of 1842) to fix guilt upon the Queen. With her alleged indiscretions (for they are not proved) before marriage I have nothing to do. I cannot speak from positive knowledge, but I believe the "Baga de Secretis" has been examined by Dr. Adam Clarke and others: it contains the indictment, conviction, proclamation, precepts, &c., but not the evidence on which that conviction took place, being a very material difference. I wish it to be distinctly understood, that I am not writing against record men or record reports, but merely that no wrong inference may be drawn on a point of history, for, from what has passed, the public might imagine that this was a new discovery, and that the contents criminated the Queen, neither of which is the fact; and I trust there is no impropriety in my saying so. Although I might get a friend to sign this, or put a fictitious name, I prefer subscribing myself

Yours, &c. FRED. DEVON.

South Place, Kennington Common.

Paris Academy of Sciences.—Aug. 8.—M. Arago, who has recently returned from the country, and who was expected on the present occasion to make his report on the Eclipse of the 9th ult., announced that he was waiting for additional information. He would, he said, for the present, confine himself to stating that the circumstances under which the Eclipse had been observed in the south of France were highly favourable, and, that the phenomenon had been attended with appearances so remarkable as to lead to some entirely new conclusions with respect to the nature of the sun. M. Arago gave an analysis of a paper by M. de Ruolz, on the means of fixing one metal upon another by the galvanic process. When the first paper by M. de Ruolz, on this subject, was read, the practical use of the discovery had gone no further than the precipitation of pure metals, and it remained to be ascertained whether mixed metals could be precipitated. This M. de Ruolz has done, and several specimens covered with a precipitate of copper and tin, in the proportions which constitute bronze, were submitted to the Academy. The red tint of copper, so offensive to the eye in objects of art produced by the galvanic process, has given place to the more delicate and pleasing appearance of bronze. The various advantages of the galvanic system are fully shown in the paper of M. de Ruolz. A precipitated coating must always be more regular and uniform than one laid on by hand. It can be made to any degree of thickness, and cannot be detached from the material to which it is applied. Iron roofs, for instance, both as to frame-work and sheet-iron, may be coated so as to resist the action of the atmosphere, and this without any great augmentation of cost, for the coating may be thin, and the iron work itself, not being exposed to atmospheric action, may be made much lighter. For domestic purposes the galvanic process as regards a leaden envelope, may be advantageously employed in various ways, and M. de Ruolz suggests that it would be well to employ it for iron shot, which undergoes great deterioration from exposure to the atmosphere.—A letter was read from M. Agassiz, who has been for some time encamped on the summit of the Aar, for the purpose of studying the phenomena of the glaciers. He writes that the mass of ice in that part advances towards the valley at the rate of 220 feet annually, and the surface loses 7 feet of ice every year, which loss, however, finds its compensation in the infinitesimals which become frozen, and raise the base.

The Académie des Inscriptions held its annual meeting on the 12th. The President announced the award of the prizes. Among the successful candidates named, were M. Wladimir Brunet, for an Essay on the Greek Establishments in Sicily, and M. de la Saussaye, for his History of the Château de Blois. M. Walknaer obtained honourable mention for an historical notice on the Life and Works of Major Rennell, who was a member of the Institute. The sitting closed with a Lecture from M. J. V. Leclerc, in which he gave some hitherto unknown details, throwing light on the celebrated Pilgrimage of St. James of Compostella. M. Leclerc, who has previously shown the existence of journals among the Romans, adduced, on this occasion, proofs that during the middle ages there were Travellers' Guides for the use of pilgrims. He terminated his discourse with an Episode from the *Roman du Retour*, to prove the moral effects produced by pilgrimages.

Excavations at Etaples, in the Pas de Calais, are daily making revelations of great interest. During the current year, no less than sixty houses of this buried town have been uncovered; and besides a great quantity of instruments, such as hatchets, hammers, &c., there have lately been found jars filled with Roman medals, of the reign of Posthumus. The heaps of cinders exposed proved that the town has perished by fire; and the conjecture is, that the subterranean ruins are those of the ancient Quantovicus.

Swimming.—A grand ceremonial, somewhat after the fashion of the old Masques, took place at the beginning of the month at Berlin, in honour of the anniversary of the Royal Swimming School, which has, it appears, instructed 23,360 good swimmers. 1200 swimmers assembled in tents on the banks of the Spree, where they put on their costumes, and then the procession, consisting of various allegorical figures and groups, swam forth, preceded by bands of musicians, and cheered from the shore by forty thousand spectators.

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